

FLY DECLARED MOST DANGEROUS INSECT

Health Authorities Declare that it is the Greatest Carrier of Disease.

FOOD SHOULD BE WELL PROTECTED.

For those who would get rid of the house fly, which for the next few months will be on the job early and late, the Department of Health of Chicago is busy distributing a poster which contains invaluable pointers for the householders anxious to rid themselves of this annoyance.

The fact that flies are annoying insects is not the only reason that has prompted the authorities to wage a war of extermination against them. The circular which the department is sending broadcast through the city emphasizes the assertion that flies "are the most dangerous insects known to man," and that they are carriers of such infectious diseases as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other dreaded ills.

Especially does the department impress upon the householders the fact that flies carry from place to place millions of death-dealing germs, which they deposit wherever they may alight, and that unless the food-stuffs, principally milk, are well protected from them, the danger of infection will be great.

Following are parts of the circular, which are full of facts and advice:

Don't allow flies in your house. Don't permit them near your food, especially milk.

Don't buy foodstuffs where flies are tolerated.

Don't eat where flies have access to the food.

Flies are the most dangerous insects known to man.

Flies are the filthiest of all vermin. They are born in filth, live in filth and carry filth around with them.

Flies are known to be carriers of millions of death-dealing disease germs. They leave some of these germs wherever they alight.

Flies may infect the food you eat.

Flies may infect you with tuberculosis, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other infectious diseases. They have a habit of feasting on tuberculosis sputum and other discharges of those sick with these diseases, and then go direct to your food, to your drink, to the lips of your sleeping child, or perhaps to a small open wound on your hands or face. When germs are deposited in milk they multiply very fast, therefore milk should never be exposed to flies.

Screen your windows and doors. Do it early before fly time, and keep screens up until snow falls.

Screen all food, especially milk. Do not eat food that has been in contact with flies.

Screen the baby's bed and keep flies away from the baby's bottle, the baby's "comforter."

Keep flies away from the sick especially those ill with typhoid fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis. Screen the patient's bed. Kill every fly that enters the sick room. Immediately disinfect and dispose of all discharges.

Catch the flies as fast as they appear. Use liquid poisons, sticky fly papers and traps.

Place either of these fly poisons in shallow dishes throughout the house:

(a) Two teaspoonfuls of for-

maldehyde to a pint of water, or (b) One dram of bichromate of potash dissolved in two ounces of water, sweetened with plenty of sugar.

To quickly clear rooms of flies, burn pyrethrum powder or blow powdered black flag into the air of the room with a powder blower. This causes flies to fall to the floor in stunned condition. They must then be gathered up and destroyed.

Eliminate the Breeding Places of Flies.

Sprinkle chloride of lime or kerosene over contents of out-houses and garbage boxes. Keep garbage receptacles tightly covered, clean the cans every day the boxes every week. Keep the ground around garbage boxes clean.

Sprinkle chloride of lime over manure piles, old paper, old straw and other refuse of like nature. Keep manure in screened pit or vault, if possible.

Pour kerosene into the drains. Keep sewerage systems in good order, repair all leaks immediately.

Clean condensors every day. Keep 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid in them all the time. Get rid of sawdust boxes used as condensors—destroy them—they're unsanitary.

Don't allow dirt to accumulate in corners, behind doors, back of radiators, under stoves, etc.

Allow no decaying matter of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises.

Flies in the home indicate a careless housekeeper. Remember: No dirt—no flies.

OPPOSED TO VIOLENCE.

Dynamite Outrages Denounced by Striking Street Car Men at Evansville.

Evansville, Ind., June 29.—The Street Car Men's Union passed resolutions in which they denounced the attempts made Saturday and Sunday nights to wreck cars with dynamite. The resolutions were signed by Henry Reese, president, and Fred Frank, secretary of the Union.

The Union has sent an appeal to the State rederation of Labor asking that financial aid be sent them during the strike. In case the unions of the State do not send in enough money for the strikers appeals will be made to the unions in other states in the West.

Another attempt was made late last night to wreck a Second street car at the corner of lower Second street and Fulton avenue. A large stick of dynamite was placed under a car but it failed to go off. A test was made of the dynamite today and it was exploded by means of a fuse. Had it exploded under the car it is believed it would have been completely wrecked and probably there would have been loss of life.

Home-Made Auto on Trip to Niagara.

H. C. Jones, manager of the Home Telephone Company at Owensboro, Yewell Bottoff and Charles Smith, all of Owensboro have started for Niagara Falls in an automobile. They hope to make a trip Detroit, Mich., Toronto and Montreal Canada to the falls and return by Erie and Pittsburgh, Pa., Wheeling, W. Va., Columbus and Cincinnati, O., Lexington and Louisville, Ky. They are intending to make the 3,000 mile trip in 15 days. The machine in which the trip is being made was constructed by Mr. Smith at an Owensboro foundry, and if the machine stands the test more machines probably will be made in the city.

Try our Job Work.

Base Ball.

The E. A. C. Jrs. defeated the Oak Hill nine in a one-sided game at the local park yesterday, the score being 24 to 6. The feature of the game was Spillman's pitching. He struck out 18 men in six innings. Battery, Earlington, Stone, Spillman and Foster; Oak Hill, Eze'l and Johnson.

The E. A. C. Srs., were defeated at the local park by the Nebo team by a score of 5 to 4. Foley and Foley, the Earlington battery, did good work, as did the whole team, but the Nebo boys were too fast for them. Huffman and Everett were the Nebo battery.

Hints to the Scorer.

Shall the error column be abolished from base ball? So few fans know how to score a game properly that there is considerable talk of cutting the mistake section out of box scores.

No matter how careful and conscientious a scorer is, he has to exercise splendid judgement or he will be unfair to either the batter or the fielder.

Beginners make a practice of jotting down an "error" every time a fielder gets his hands on a batted ball. Not only does this rob the batsman of a hit, but it does the fielder a great injustice.

The base ball tyro never stops to consider whether the ball took a false bound or whether or not the baseman recovered it in time to throw the runner out at first. So many things have to be taken into consideration that only a trained expert can score a game correctly. One rule which it is always best to follow is to give the batsman the benefit of the doubt. If you do not know whether to score a batted ball a hit, or an error, just set it down as a base hit.

The error column in the box score only works against the hustling, ambitious player who doesn't think about his average and goes after everything in sight. If fielders felt sure that they would not be unjustly charged with errors, desperate chances to recover batted balls would be taken.

There is another school of base ball men who would penalize "mental blunders" only. They would charge every player who makes a "bone-headed" play with an error, but mistakes of the hands and arms would not be officially recognized. Few managers will abuse players for making muffs or bad throws, but the slow thinkers who get caught between the bases and do other foolish things are roundly berated.

To score a game properly the fan must be imbued with a good deal of charity. Of course scorers will never quite agree on what constitutes a base hit. In a measure that fact that a batsman beats the ball to first is prima facie evidence that he is entitled to a hit.

When the fielder gets his hands on a batted ball most inexperienced scorers slip up. If the ball takes a bad bound or rolls to the infielder so slowly that he does not have time to throw his man out at first, they immediately score it as an "error." The rule reads:

"When a fair hit ball is partially or wholly stopped by a fielder in motion, but such player cannot recover himself in time to field the ball to first before the striker reaches that base, or to force out another base runner,

a base hit shall be scored."

This is as plain as the nose on a fan's face, yet he will go right on scoring a palpable hit as an error, regardless of the circumstances.

Another rule reads: "When the ball is hit so slowly toward a fielder that he cannot handle it in time to put out a batsman or to force a base runner, a base hit shall be scored."

Then, again, some scorers insist on charging fielders with errors when the ball takes a false or freakish bound. If the fielder stops the ball in such an angle that he cannot throw to the base it is a base hit. Always give the fielder a chance for his white alley. Also be fair with the batter by giving him the benefit of the doubt. Also remember that an out-fielder has some rights which you are bound to respect. If after a hard run he gets his hands on the ball and drops it, do not charge him with an error unless he had a fair chance to field it.

A Good Woman Passes Away.

Mrs. Elizabeth Goodloe died at her home in the country near here, June 28rd and was buried on the 24th at Grapevine cemetery. She had been ill sometime and her death was not unexpected owing to her advanced age, she being in her eighty-ninth year. She was a good woman and had been a member of the Christian Church for many years. Mrs. Goodloe is survived by two children, Mr. Em Goodloe, of this place, and Mrs. W. H. Moore, of Grapevine neighborhood.

Good Chance for Building Electric Line.

Madisonville, Ky., June 30.—A meeting of the stockholders of the recently incorporated Kentucky Electric Railway company, contemplating the establishment of a line from Dawson Springs, this county, to Providence, Webster county, or to this city, held a meeting at Dawson Friday. Substantial encouragement was given them by the citizens of Dawson. Chicago men have a contract to float the bonds of the company. The line will traverse between twenty and twenty-five miles in length.

Madisonville is preparing to offer inducements for the road to make it an objective point.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Chosen at Estill Springs Meeting of the Kentucky Educational Association.

Lexington, June 28.—The officers of the Kentucky Educational Association elected at the Estill Springs are:

President—Prof. W. H. Mustaine, director of physical education, State University, Lexington.

Vice-President—Miss Julia M. Cochran, director of physical education, Semple Collegiate Institute, Louisville.

Secretary-Treasurer—W. E. Brown, physical director, Y. M. C. A., Lexington.

Mrs. R. L. Stout, director of physical education for women, at State University, was elected as a delegate to the Department of Physical Education of the National Educational Association, which meets at Denver on July 6. Henderson was chosen as the meeting place next year.

Governor Willson Starts Campaigning for Education.

Frankfort, June 28.—Gov. Willson left today to spend a week campaigning in the interest of the educational movement in Kentucky. He will be gone until Saturday.

L. & N. PURCHASES SEABOARD OUTLET

Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Said to Have Been Acquired.

THIS IS A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

An outlet to the seaboard for the Louisville and Nashville railroad, a most important acquisition in point of strategy and extension of its facilities for the handling of steamer traffic along the Atlantic coast has been finally realized according to reports received in Louisville yesterday.

In the rumored purchase by the Louisville & Nashville of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic railway, a road extending to Brunswick, Ga., a seacoast seventy-five miles, the Louisville & Nashville will realize what has long been an ardent desire on the part of its directors—an outlet to the seaboard. Notwithstanding that the road goes to the Gulf of Mexico on its westerly branch, it has long been held essential that ultimately the company must acquire or construct a road to the seacoast from Atlanta.

The Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic railway recently went into the hands of a receiver, and speculation was rife as to the future of the road until reports emanating from reliable financial circles disclosed the fact that the Louisville & Nashville was negotiating for its purchase.

The road said to be acquired by the Louisville & Nashville has excellent harbor facilities at Brunswick, Ga., and has steamer connections with New York, Boston, Havana and other important points along the coast.

It is Not Natural to Grieve or be Unhappy.

I believe there will finally be a day when the people exercise and the proper care of the body, feeding, etc.,—together with the high culture of reading and mental instruction will make earth seem almost like a heaven, especially to the little children.

If a happy mind is built by a happy thought—produced by happy labor then surely there can be no conflict drawn. This world can at least be made better, though it is already good. If you will look about you you will see everything spread out by nature and in a natural way to make you happy.

Misery does not come about by nature, neither does nature bring it about. Unhappiness comes about by some disobedience to the law of nature, and if we will give ourselves time and the proper reasoning we would be a great deal happier. Some people grieve at the death of a friend and claim it is natural. Now reason here on the subject: is it natural to grieve at a thing that nature produces? Why not grieve when they are born? It is as natural to be born as it is to die.

In my estimation we grieve and make ourselves miserable because we have been taught to do so. The Indians were a race of people that never grieved for their dead until they were taught to do so by the white man. And this is one proof clearly shown before our eyes that it is not natural to be unhappy, for they were a set of humans that lived far closer to natural laws than the white man.

We are ficticiously, dreamily, mentally taught rather than truthfully and naturally taught even at this day and age where

we claim the human race is at the highest point of civilization. On every hand, and at every turning point of history, we have claimed the human a struggling race, coming up through the valleys of deism, mythology, barbarism, and from the lowest forms of civilization, struggling century by century to reach the highest plane of civilization; and at the end we see less grief from natural causes and more from unnatural causes.

We are so miserably taught things from dead language that we are misguided and at a loss, and grief seems to be the only remedy. SPENCER MELTON. Written June 22, 1909.

GOOD REPORTS ON THE CROP CONDITIONS.

Wheat in Better Shape Than Last Year, and Corn Area Larger.

Frankfort, Ky., June 29.—State Agriculturist Rankin today issued the July report of crop conditions throughout Kentucky. The report includes a general summary of the last three months. The commissioner says:

The greater part of the wheat crop has been cut, but some remains uncut, owing to the unfavorable weather. The condition of the crop at this time last year was 85 per cent., against 91 per cent. for this year. The average price for the State is \$1.24 per bushel.

The largest acreage of corn has been planted in Kentucky that has been planted for years, with the possible exception of 1908, due in a large measure to the cutting out of the 1908 tobacco crop, which caused many to quit the raising of the crop altogether. This year all corn has been planted in good time, and the prospects are for a very large crop. Last year's acreage for the State was 95 per cent.; this year's acreage is 96. Average price for corn in the State is 87 cents.

Last year the oats crop was a complete failure, but the prospects this year are for a large yield and good crop.

A larger crop of tobacco has been planted this year than ever before, and its condition at this time is good, although there has been too much wet weather. There has been planted this year between 160,000 and 170,000 acres of burley. The acreage at this time in 1907 as compared with 1906 was 90 per cent. of the crop. The acreage in 1908 as compared with 1907 was 17 per cent. of the crop, and the acreage this year is 114 per cent. of the crop, showing a very large increase over an average crop. The condition of the crop at this time in 1907 was 83 per cent. and the condition in 1908, on account of the continued dry weather, was not good, while the condition this year at the same date is 88 per cent. for the whole State.

There seems to have been a tendency on the part of the growers in the dark tobacco district towards increasing the acreage of dark tobacco. The acreage July 1, 1907, as compared with the average crop, was 72 per cent., and the acreage July 1, 1908, was 90 per cent., while the acreage July 1, 1909 was 101 per cent. of the crop planted, and the condition is very favorable, showing 96 per cent.

Keep your knowledge of prices up to date—by reading and answering.

It pays to advertise in The Bee

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Miles, the first inst., a fine girl.

Yandell Walker, who stuck a nail in his foot last week, is now able to work.

A vaudeville company has been playing to good crowds all the week at the rink.

W. S. McGary has six fans in the rink and these make it very cool and pleasant.

Kruekemyer and Cohn, of Evansville, have opened a jewelry store in the Webb building.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new brick court house, and in the course of a few weeks will be ready for the administration of justice.

C. W. Miles has bought the Bonon Restaurant, formerly owned by J. W. Rogers. Charlie is a good fellow and will no doubt make a success of his new venture.

A dance was given at Webb Bros. Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Hewlett, of Dawson.

A number of the younger people were present. Music was furnished by Blakemore's Orchestra.

Have Boyd, a colored man, was killed in Arnold mine yesterday.

He is known about the manner in which he was killed, but it is supposed he hit his head on a trolley and was then killed by a car.

The Earlinton Base ball Association has been filling in the diamond and new park and making some needed improvements. When completed they will have one of the best diamonds in this section of the state.

AFFIC SUSPENDED
ON THE L. & N.

Thout on the Main Line. Near Upton, Causes Railroaders Trouble.

More than 200 yards of track of the Louisville division of the L. & N. railroad were washed away by the heavy rainstorm yesterday afternoon, entailing a heavy loss on the railroad company.

The storm was at its worst at Upton, sixty-three miles from Louisville, and traffic was ended for some time. All night trains were relayed by way of the Illinois Central road, leaving the main line at L. & N. at Russellville.

Going over the O. & N. division to Central City, where connections were made with the Illinois Central railroad. It was not necessary to operate all night trains over the I. C. twenty-four hours. The railroad officials believe, however, they will be able to resume operation on the Louisville division some time this afternoon.

Cordier-Dillingham.

The marriage of Miss Hattie Cordier and Mr. C. E. Dillingham took place at the residence of W. Umstead, Monday, June 24.

Rev. W. C. Brandon performed the ceremony. The bride is a very attractive young lady and has many friends. She is a daughter of Mrs. Serena Cordier of this city.

Mr. Dillingham is a prominent citizen of the bank at that place. The Bee has their many friends in good wishes for their future life.

The Story of Butter.

"Cow juice" is a slang term for milk, and sometimes for butter in many parts of the United States. But the word "butter" itself almost certainly means something very like that by derivation. It is true that Pliny considered "butyrum" to be a mythian word, but it seems clear that it was really Greek—from

ter, in spite of appearances, just as "pantry" has no connection with pans. The latter is the storing place of bread ("panis"), and the former is the late Latin "bateria," the place of the "butts" or casks.

Governor Pardons Earlinton Men.

Frankfort, June 28.—Governor Willson today at the request of Col. Bassett ordered the dismissal of the indictments in the Todd county circuit court against Carl Meacham and W. R. Brahear, soldiers who were indicted during the night rider troubles for breaking into a freight car at Guthrie. The Governor says the indictments were spite work against the soldiers for doing their duty.

Feather Bed Saves Lives.

Washington, Ind., June 28.—Lightning wrecked James Allen's dwelling just east of this city this morning and demolished the bedstead in which Mr. Allen and his wife were sleeping on a feather bed, but they were uninjured.

Gen. Cosby, Native of Kentucky, Commits Suicide.

Oakland, Cal., June 29.—Gen. George B. Cosby, aged sixty-nine, and one of the few surviving brigadiers of the Confederate army, committed suicide by inhaling gas here today. He had been suffering from paralysis.

Useful Friends.

People are loved not for their goodness, their beauty, their wit or their wisdom, but for their utility. "Can he or she be of any use to me?" is the question which arises in the minds of many men and women when introduced, and if the answer is in the negative there is no continuance of the acquaintanceship.—Gentlewoman.

Sew Out of Sight of the Sea.

The Eskimo women of Alaska never sew while the men are fishing, and should any mending be imperative they do it shut up in little tents out of sight of the sea.

Silver in the Ocean.

A German technical journal has gone to the trouble of estimating that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

Kentucky Fair Dates.

Stanford, July 31—3 days.

Henderson, July 27—5 days.

Georgetown, July 27—5 days.

Madisonville, August 3—5 days.

Winchester, August 3—4 days.

Bluegrass Fair, Lexington, August 9—6 days.

Taylorsville, August 10—4 days.

Uniontown, August 10—5 days.

Harrodsburg, August 12—3 days.

Leitchfield, August 17—4 days.

Bourbonville, August 18—3 days.

Brodhead, August 18—3 days.

Shepherdsville, August 18—3 days.

Ewing, August 18—3 days.

Shelbyville, August 24—3 days.

Elizabethtown, August 24—3 days.

Springfield, August 25—4 days.

London, August 25—4 days.

Bardstown, September 1—4 days.

Hodgenville, September 7—3 days.

Monticello, September 7—4 days.

Glasgow, September 8—4 days.

Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, September 13—6 days.

Scottsville, September 16—3 days.

Bedford, October 1—2 days.

L. L. Goodloe, was in Madisonville yesterday.

Geo. Hooser, of Howell was in the city Sunday.

Mrs. Jeff Murphy, was in Madisonville Saturday.

Miss Sue Ford is visiting in Dawson this week.

Miss Gertrude O'Bannon visited in Morton Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Leahy was in Madisonville Saturday.

Mrs. Jim Laffoon was in the city shopping Tuesday.

Lee Peyton and wife are visiting in Nebo this week.

Miss Mary Hewlett, of Dawson, is visiting in the city.

O. B. Griffin, of St. Charles, is visiting friends in town.

Will Fann, of St. Charles, was in the city Wednesday.

N. I. Toombs made a business trip to Evansville last week.

Hugh Griffin, of St. Charles, is visiting in Hopkinsville.

Geo. King and wife, of St. Charles, were in the city Monday.

Rev. W. C. Moore visited friends in Madisonville Monday.

Wm. Burke has returned from a pleasant trip to Nashville.

Mrs. Ernest Eastwood, of Morganfield, visited here last week.

Roy Davis and Neal Spillman were in Nortonville Sunday.

Dr. E. A. Davis and wife visited friends at Richland Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Lynn visited relatives in Madisonville Wednesday.

Mrs. H. S. Corey made friends in Madisonville a visit Tuesday.

Ed Majors has returned from a visit to relatives in Bardwell.

Mrs. R. T. Davis left for Nashville Monday to visit her daughter.

Laurence Turner has returned home from St. Mary's college.

Mrs. A. J. Howell and children were in Madisonville Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Stewart, of Madisonville, visited in the city Sunday.

Mrs. Will Fann, of St. Charles, was in the city shopping Tuesday.

Miss Edna Hewlett and Buck Shaver visited in the city Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Jackson, of Hopkins, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Coyle.

Miss Mary Blair and the Misses Joy have returned from Owensboro.

Fred Rootz, of Owensboro, spent Sunday in the city with his parents.

Mrs. W. J. Buckley, of Howell, visited friends in the city Monday.

Miss Elsie Brown, of Madisonville, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Harriett Browning visited her sister near Madisonville Saturday.

Mrs. W. E. Daves, will leave next week for a visit to relatives in New Mexico.

O. L. Leach and wife have returned from a visit to relatives in Ohio county.

O. B. Menees, of Chattanooga, Tenn., visited the family of A. G. Draper.

Mrs. W. J. Lamb, of Madisonville, visited the family of J. B. Lingle Sunday.

Miss Verna Galloway, of St. Charles, was in the city shopping Tuesday.

Misses Margaret and Belle Bourland, of Dixon, are visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Richle Stone returned Saturday from a visit to friends in Dawson Springs.

Measures John and Iley Brinkley have returned from a visit to friends in Shelbyville.

Miss Dawn Jones and Miss Verdie Oaks, of Madisonville, visited Mrs. C. H. Lynn Sunday.

Measures Elmer Lynn and Joe Brinkley returned home Saturday from a visit to California.

Paul M. Moore, is attending the meeting of the Kentucky Press Association at Estill Springs.

Jesse Phillips, will soon leave for Battle Creek Mich. Prof. R. Y. Maxey will fill the vacancy in the Bank.

Mrs. John Buckley, of Waltham, Mass., who attended the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. John McParland, returned home last Monday.

One of the strangest facts illustrating the vanity of woman is that the lace handkerchief owed its introduction to the Empress Josephine's bad teeth. Josephine's vanity, as a subject with historians, who as a group, however, neglect the care with which she kept the world from observing that her teeth were neither ornamental nor useful. It is with Josephine's vanity as it was manifested toward Napoleon that historians are concerned, not with her instinctive care for her own appearance. She never laughed except from behind the cover of a lace handkerchief. It was a trick the meaning of which was known to every woman in France, yet so contradictory is feminine nature that it took short time for women of all degrees to give themselves to imitation. Whether possessed of good teeth or bad, the French woman in Josephine's golden days always pressed a handkerchief to her lips when she laughed, and because lace handkerchiefs were Josephine's pride they came into general use. There has been a change since Josephine's time, however, for now the rule is to show a handkerchief as little as possible. Even the daintiest linen and lace specimens are to be held from view.

PENS VALUED BY COLLECTORS

Those Used by Great Writers and Statesmen Bring High Prices at Public Sales.

The pen used by Charles Dickens just before his death, which has been sold at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms for £19 10s, must yield the palm of costliness to the well-worn gold pen, used by "Box" for many years, which found a purchaser some time ago for over £40.

At the sale of the Dalhousie collection a quill pen used by Wellington when writing to Queen Victoria in 1844 brought only 5½ guineas; while one of Sir Walter Scott's pens, selected by Lord Dalhousie in 1829 from Scott's writing table at Abbotsford, only realized three guineas more.

Among the most valuable pens in the world are one owned by Mr. Isaac Reed of New York, carved from a portion of George Washington's lensbox, and used by Lincoln when president, and the quill of a golden-eagle's wing, the property of the Empress Eugenie, with which the treaty of Paris was signed in 1856.—London Tit-Bits.

Ending a Letter.

The simplicity of "yours" as a letter ending would have astounded Jeremy Taylor, whose letters to John Evelyn often wind up with perfect triumphs of complexity in this respect. His best is, "Believe me that I am, in great heartiness and dearness of affection, Dear Sir, your obliged and most affectionate friend and servant, J. Taylor." On other occasions he was "Your most affectionate and endeared friend and servant," or "Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant." Even in his shortest perorations of the kind the "affectionate" and the "servant" are always the two indispensable words. Probably no man, woman or child would combine these two at the end of a letter today.

May Cure Snoring, Too.

"I've found a cure for nightmare," said the man who will eat despite his subsequent sufferings. "When I go to bed at night I slip a string through an empty spool, secure the spool firmly so it will not slide, and then tie the string around my waist in such a way that the spool comes in the middle of my back. The result is that if I try to turn on my back in my sleep I lie on the spool, and I can assure you it wakens me promptly."

"No, it isn't pleasant to be wakened in that way, but it is better than having to go through one of the diabolical nightmares from which I have suffered for several years."

Let Him Grow a Man.

A man born with a taste for treating his wife with a good deal of smoke when he chooses to get off his coat if he wants to, and throw ashes on the floor and other stunts all over the house, he is going to be mighty uncomfortable, and long to go where he can. For it is born in a man to like to do these things, just as it is born in a girl to like to do her own pet things. Moreover, if a girl has once known a man in a perfectly comfortable chummy way, she will find him worth twice as much as before he dropped his awe of her. Men are pretty nice as they are, but for goodness sake, don't try to make a man ladylike. He isn't and won't be if he is even half a man.—Acheson Globe.

Back to the Farm.

There is just one way for the people of the city to find it possible to buy eggs, chickens, meat and flour for less money—that is for some of them to leave the city and go back to raising more hens, more cattle, and growing more wheat. The fact is that the country is getting too heavy. The cities are calling too heavily on the producing areas. Farming is getting to be one of the most profitable businesses of the country because the proportion of non-producers is getting so large. It is all a matter of supply and demand; just now the demand for foodstuffs is larger than it has ever been in proportion to the supply.—Denver Republican.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
Does not Color the Hair
Hair falling out? Troubled with dandruff? Want more hair? An elegant dressing?
Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chloride, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.
We believe doctors endorse this formula, or we would not put it up.
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
Does not Color the Hair
J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

Keep Posted
On the doings of the biggest and best Store in the Ohio Valley.
Here is a "Bit" of Information
That may be to your liking. We've culled hundreds of suits from our regular \$12.50 to \$18.50 suit stock when and where a line was or is broken and bunched them to sell.
At \$8.45.
You can choose from 2 or 3 piece suit styles. The colors, of course, are mostly light, as are also the weights.
WE'VE EVERYTHING FOR VACATION OR MIDSUMMER wear in men and boys' apparel.
Keep in mind our rebate plan as
It Pays to Trade Here
Call in person or let's hear from you by mail.
Strouse & Bros.
Evansville, Ind.
MEMBERS REBATE ASSOCIATION

Slaton & O'Bryan Bros.,
We keep in stock a full line of furniture of every description at prices that are as low as can be found in Hopkins county.
Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors
A full line of Coffins and Caskets kept on hand—any style, any finish. We are also Licensed Embalmers. Calls answered day or night.
Madisonville, - Kentucky

You Will Need an Oil Stove
When warm days and the kitchen fire make cooking a burden—then is the time to try a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. Marvelous how this stove does away with kitchen discomforts—how cool it keeps the room in comparison with conditions when the coal fire was burning. The
NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove
is the only oil stove built with a CABINET TOP for holding plates and keeping food hot after cooking. Also has useful drop shelves on which to stand the coffee pot or teapot after removing from burner. Fitted with two nicked racks for towels. A marvel of comfort, simplicity and convenience. Made in three sizes—with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.
The Rayo Lamp Just such a lamp as every one wants—handsome enough for the parlor; strong enough for the kitchen, camp or cottage; bright enough for every occasion. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.
Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

MARKET PRICES
Can be obtained daily when a farmer has the service of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company in his residence; not only that, but your family can engage in social conversations with neighbors and friends in the evening, making farm life one of pleasure and satisfaction.
This company is offering an ideal farmers telephone line rate and full information can be had by addressing our nearest office, or writing direct to headquarters, Nashville, Tenn. Our lines cover the entire states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, and the southern portions of Indiana and Illinois.
CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY
Incorporated.

COLORED COLUMN.

S. E. DRIVER, EDITOR

The C. M. E. Picnic at Alexander park on the 3rd claims the attention of the entire town. Let all come and enjoy themselves.

The Mt. Zion Baptist church will give a big picnic at base ball park Saturday July 10. There will be something doing all day. Refreshments of all kinds will be on hand and a good time is assured. In the afternoon there will be a ball game. Everybody come out and enjoy yourself.

Usual services at all the churches Sunday.

Mrs. Narcissus Coffee, who has been very sick for several months passed into the silent beyond on the 28 about 1:30 a. m. Her sufferings have been intense, yet she bore them with the patience of a Christian hero. She leaves two sons, Ezell and William and a sister, Mrs. John Nelly. Mrs. Coffee was a member of Fairview Temple No. 48 S. M. T. and Thelma Court of No. 13, and was buried with honors of both lodges. Rev. J. R. Evans officiating.

Daniel Arnigan had the misfortune to be seriously injured by falling from a No. 11 mine. It is reported that his leg is broken in two places and also hurt internally.

The session of the Western Beauties will ever be one of the greatest events in the history of our little town. The welcome address by our mayor, Hon. J. R. Rash was one that went direct to the hearts of all who heard it. It was indeed all the more eloquent because we all knew his kind words of encouragement came from not only the lips but the heart of a true Christian gentleman who lives his words. Prof. Bell made an excellent address. The response of Mr. Crumbaker, of Henderson, was to the point. The drills of uniform ranks were excellent and showed that we can do anything and do it well. Rev. Blanks, of Henderson made the oration of the day just before the drill. His speech should be placed with the prize orations of the day.

Mrs. Carrie Suggs, of East St. Louis, is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Fishing in lake begins today.

Card of thanks.

We wish to thank our many friends for the last tokens of respect paid to our beloved mother.

William and Ezell Coffee.

Mrs. John McParland Dead.

Mrs. John McParland, mother of Rev. McParland, died Saturday night after a brief illness. She was laid to rest Tuesday morning in the Catholic cemetery. Misses Eva and Florence McParland, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Mrs. John Buckley, of Waltham, Mass., daughters of the deceased, attended the funeral.

Plea for Open Fireplace.

"If people would only learn to have open fires in their rooms, instead of converting them into hot-air boxes by means of furnaces, there would be fewer colds," said a physician. "Fireplaces and their chimneys are ventilators. To me the beauty of an open fire makes it worth having, but when you consider that it's a sanitary officer, constantly changing the air and driving out germs, it is hard to see how any one can prefer a furnace."

The Poor Widower.

A young woman in New York eloped with a gentleman and was greatly surprised to find that she had become the stepmother of nine children by that act. Therefore, she deserted her new husband. Is there no romance possible for a widower with children?

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN

If you have pains in your back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant relief from woman's ills, try Mother Gray's "Australasian-Leaf." It is a safe, reliable regulator, and relieves all Female Weaknesses, including inflammation and ulcerations. Mother Gray's Australasian-Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cts. Sample sent Free. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

As a Steadily Flowing Current.

It seems to me that to be quiet and to be active, or rather, to be quietly active, constantly going on with untiring energy, and yet so softly as scarcely to be perceptible, this seems to me to be an approach toward perfection. And this lesson we learn from Nature, which is unceasingly and yet imperceptibly changing.—From the Memoirs of Anne J. Clough.

Objectable.

"I wouldn't object to de man dat keeps talkin' all de time," said Uncle Eben, "if he didn't insist on 'tho'win' in a question every ten minutes or so dat you's got to answer to show you's keepin' awake."—Washington Star.

COULD SEE ONLY REALITIES.

Kindly Rural Couple Had Small Conception of the Place of Art in the World.

A member of the Art Students' league tells this one on himself: In the course of a sketching jaunt in the rural districts last summer he had wandered rather far afield, and finding himself in a picturesque section, arranged to stay a few days at the home of an old couple of uncouth but kindly nature. He was engaged one day along the roadside, where a calf was tethered, in making a water-color study of the pretty creature, when an automobile containing a party of Pittsburghers drew up and the occupants paused to ask for some information. One of the motorists took a fancy to the sketch, and made arrangements to purchase it, when completed, for \$25.

This bit of news aroused in the rural hosts of the artist the most profound astonishment, as he learned after retiring that night, on overhearing conversation from the kitchen:

"Land sakes, Hiram, d'ya believe them people really give him \$25 fer that little bit of paintin'?"

"Waal, some o' them Pittsburghers hez more money than brains, an' they're like t' do most anything."

"But, my land, Hiram, \$25 fer a little bit o' paper with a calf drawn onto it! Why, if they'd on'y a knowed it, they c'd a had th' critter itself fer half the money."

BETTER WITHOUT THE PILLOW

Doctor Declares That Sounder and More Healthful Sleep Is Secured Without Its Use.

"Pillows are little more than a fad, and a rather harmful one at that," said a doctor. "They should really only be used by those who sleep on their sides, as they are injurious to others. When you sleep on your side, your shoulder prevents your head from lying level on the bed, and pillows are useful to raise the head to this level. The natural and most healthful position for the ordinary person in sleeping is for one's head to be kept perfectly even, just as it would be standing up. Now, for the one who lies on his back while sleeping, no pillow is needed to keep the head in this position, and yet 99 per cent. of the persons who sleep on their backs use pillows, while those who sleep on their sides use far more pillow than is necessary. People get used to having their heads and shoulders propped high up, and imagine they could not sleep any other way, but, as a matter of fact, if they would try sleeping with little or no pillow they would not only find that they would feel better in the morning, but also would actually be more comfortable in bed and sleep much sounder throughout the night."

A Hogarthian Inn Sign.

One of the most humorous inn signs is "The Man Loaded with Mischief," which is found about a mile from Cambridge, England, on the Madingley road. The original "Mischief" was designed by Hogarth for a public house in Oxford street.

It is needless to say that the sign-board and even the name, have long ago disappeared from the busy London thoroughfare, but the quaint device must have been extensively copied by country sign painters. There is a "Mischief" at Wallingford and a "Load of Mischief" at Norwich. The inn on the Madingley road, exhibits the sign in its original form. Though the colors are much faded from exposure to the weather, traces of Hogarthian humor can be detected. A man is staggering under the weight of a woman, who is on his back. She is holding a glass of gin in her hand; a chain and padlock are around the man's neck, labeled "Wedlock." On the right hand is the shop of "S. Gripe, Pawnbroker," and a carpenter is just going in to pledge his tools.

India Women's Fine Jewelry.

"It is a rare thing to see the women of India these days wearing any valuable gold jewelry, as they did in years gone by," said Charles Gwatrey of Bombay.

"When I first went to the Orient the women of the upper class commonly owned and wore thick chains and bracelets of the finest gold and of exquisite workmanship. In these times of pinching poverty they are too reduced financially to possess any expensive ornaments and instead of the gold trinkets of their affluent days they would have formerly despised. It is pitiable to witness, as I have, the decline in the fortunes of the people. Abject poverty is seen everywhere, and the gaunt specter of starvation is ever at the side of millions of human beings in that ill-fated land."

Official Standing of Kiss.

Homer describes how the servants of the noble Odysseus kissed his head, shoulders and hands, and he also states with his usual exactness, which class of servants was entitled to do homage in this manner and which class had to be satisfied with a handshake. Thus in Rome it was customary to kiss the head, the hands, the tunics or the feet of prominent men, according to the rank of those who saluted. In the beginning of the imperial era a prominent Roman could not appear in public but that he was almost devoured by his admirers. Diocletian introduced the kiss of honor, which was given by the emperor for particular merits in the public welfare, just as decorations are given today.

THE ROAD.

It's a long road, a hard road,
The road we have to travel,
And tangled are the schemes of life
We mortals must unravel.
But hope is heart will wonders work
And blithely keep us going,
Though storms are breaking overhead
And adverse winds are blowing.

It's a long road, a hard road
And perilous the journey;
Each day that dawns new foes are met,
New battles fought in tourney.
But love will guide the way with light
And keep the goal before us,
A smile to follow every sigh
And heaven bending o'er us!

No Escape for Him.

"How dare you come on parade," exclaimed an Irish sergeant to a recruit, "before a respectable man like me!" "I'm a soldier, sir," said the recruit, "and I'm not afraid of you." "You're a soldier, are you?" said the sergeant, "and you're not afraid of me?" "I'm a soldier, sir," said the recruit, "and I'm not afraid of you." "You're a soldier, are you?" said the sergeant, "and you're not afraid of me?"

The recruit was about to excuse himself for his condition when the sergeant stopped him. "Dare you to answer me when I put a question to you?" he cried. "Hould yer lyin' tongue, and open yer face at yer peril!" Tell me now, what have ye been doin' wid yer uniform an' arms an' blits? Not a word, or I'll clap yer in the guardroom. When I axes yer anything an' yer spakes I'll have yer tried for insolence to yer superior officer, but if yer don't answer when I questions yer, I'll have yer punished for disobedience of orders! So, yer see, I have yer both ways!"

Knew Which Was Which.

When Uncle Boffin was a kid, his mother on one occasion gave him two pennies, one for candles, the other for the Sunday school collection.

Light-hearted, he was tossing the coins in the air on his way to the church, when suddenly one eluded his grasp and disappeared through a cellar grating. Down on his knees he peered into the dark pit, only to realize his loss. Then, looking thoughtfully first into his hand, next at the place where the coin had disappeared, he remarked philosophically:

"Well, there goes the Lord's penny!"

A TIGHT FIX.



Hotel Clerk—What made all that racket in your room last night?
Guest—I had on combination underwear and lost the combination.

My Typist.
She has a "type" of beauty all her own. Made sweeter by the "ribbon" in her hair.
I cannot "leave" very long alone, I love to be beside a "bell" so fair.
Her "carriage" is so full of artless grace, Her "chariot" so faultless, and so sweet.
So "manifold" her virtues, I can trace No single flaw. A "model" quite complete.

As fleeting Time doth daily onward "roll,"
So I become more sure she holds the "key."
To "lock" our hearts and knit us soul to soul.
Oh! happy were my "case" if that could be.

The "tension" on my nerves is far too great.
I must restrain myself and "letter" be, For there is someone else who will "dictate."
My wife will not "release" me, don't you see?

A Little Hippocarnious.

"How do you feel this mornin', Mr. Coolidge?" asked a reporter of the assistant secretary of the treasury. "A little hippocarnious this mornin'." Coolidge replied. "A little hippocarnious." "Dan," said the reporter to one of the negro messengers outside the door, "what does hippocarnious mean?" "Why," replied Dan very solemnly, "that's African for impossibious."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Familiar View.

"How do you want your bedroom ceiling decorated?" asked the architect. "Like the bottom of a touring car," answered the motorist. "Then it will seem natural when I awake in the morning."

College Boys.

First Mother (reading letter from son at college)—Henry's letters always send me to my dictionary.
Second Mother (resignedly)—That's nothing. Jack's letters always send me to my check book.

An Unkind Cut.

Miss Antique (suffering from neuralgia)—O, my face pains me.
Miss Caustique—Why don't you consult—er—a beauty doctor?

His Master's Voice.

Lord Fitz Rhum (about to retire, to his valet)—Wake me at daylight, Juggins—but don't let that blasted sun rise too early.

HIS VIEW THAT OF MANY MEN

Boy Surprised at Idea of Mother Receiving Wages—"She Don't Do No Work."

Harking back to women and their employments, I read somewhere lately a good story of Mrs. Runciman, wife of the president of the board of education, or, rather a good story told by her. Mrs. Runciman addressed the pupils of the high school at Bromley and said among other things that she approved of marriage as a profession for women because most people thought if women stayed at home to look after a house they did no work. To emphasize this she told a story. A growing boy had obtained a small job—his first—and boasted how much work he did. "I gets up at half-past five o'clock and has my breakfast," says he. "Anyone else get up, too?" he was asked. "Oh, yes—mother; she gets me breakfast, and then she gets dad's at half-past six." "And your dinner?" "Oh, mother gets that, too; and then she gets father's." "Has she the afternoon to herself?" "Oh, no; she cleans up, looks after the children, gets the tea for dad and me when we come home. We gets our smoke and then we gets to bed." "And your mother?" "Well, she does a bit of sewing then, when all is cleared up after tea." "What wages do you get?" the boy was asked. "Oh, I get ten bob, and dad gets 35." "And your mother?" "Mother! She don't get no wages; she don't do no work."—Limerick, Ireland, letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NON-PAYING HOTEL PATRONS.

Inevitable Expense That Proprietors of New York Hostleries Must Be Prepared For.

The proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New York, speaking of the uses made by non-paying customers of his house, said to a rural guest a few days ago: "We have a large number of patrons from whom we never collect a cent, although we have no such thing as a free list. They come here in the morning, pick up a cast-off paper, which they read, keeping an eye open for another, which they grab as soon as it is dropped. After reading awhile they stand at the ticker, often giving long lectures to their fellows on financial conditions and stock possibilities. The overcoat becomes burdensome, and it is taken to the check-room, where its owner knows it will be perfectly safe. Then, if they can tear themselves from the ticker, letters are written on our stationery. They do not use our telephones, because we charge an extra five cents for the call, but they carry home matches, toothpicks, blank cards and blotters, and use up the soap in our lavatories. They also take generous nibbles of the cheese and crackers in the cafe. The strangest part of all is this, that the majority of this class are well to do and highly respectable, and on that account we do not shut them out."

Unreasonably Tough.

Grimstead, who was a foreman in a New England factory, was visited one day by an old friend from the west. "Old man," said his friend, "how long have you been working in this mill?"

"Nearly thirty-five years," he answered. "Isn't it customary in establishments of this kind, when a man has been in its employ as long as you have, to retire him on a regular stipend—a sort of honorarium, as it were?" "To put him on the pension list, do you mean?"

"Yes, if that's what you call it." "Well, yes, it is." "When do you suppose they'll retire you?"

"I suppose they'd do it any time they thought I wanted to be retired," said the old foreman, shaking his head with profound sadness, "but I don't want to quit so long as I'm still capable of doing my work."

"I've been keeping tab on myself, and the misery of it is, Wigfall, that I haven't begun to let up the least bit. I'm just as good as ever!"—Youth's Companion.

Had Taken Notice.

It was while H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was working at his first job, delivering the village newspaper, that his inborn capacity became evident. He brought in the name of a new subscriber, Isaiah west. Mr. Anthony, the publisher, wrote down the name. Then he turned to the boy: "How do you spell Isaiah, Henry?" he asked. "Is-a-i-a-h," said Henry. "You'll do," said Mr. Anthony, with a chuckle. He told the story to a skeptic neighbor. "But how did you know how to spell it, Henry?" asked the neighbor. "I saw him write it down," said Henry.

Economical.

"The servant that works for me must be very economical," said the boarding house mistress to the applicant for work.

"O'm such a one, mum," promptly returned the applicant. "Indeed, me last mistress discharged me for bein' that way!"

"For being economical?" "Yis, wid me clothes. O! used to wear hers."—The Bohemian.

Post Mortem Inquiry.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?"

"I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.—Argonaut.

PREMATURE AGE NOT NORMAL

Mankind, Not Nature, to Blame for Infirmities That Tend to Shorten Life.

It is not a crime to grow old if you do so naturally and gracefully. In fact it is most creditable, and highly honorable.

However, it is a crime to grow old beyond your years. To do so you must abuse and mistreat yourself. Nature never intended that any one should grow old prematurely, but to mature and ripen normally, and retain the natural senses and tastes until the machine finally runs down and stops.

Infirmary is never sent upon any one, but every one who ages prematurely, or grows infirm must take the blame to himself. Infirmary, which is physical weakness, is invited, encouraged and maintained, and it comes not except in answer to distinct and oft-repeated invitations.

It is true that with centuries of ill-breeding, with selfish culture and wrong living, it is but natural that there should be many physical and moral defects, but the tendency is so strong toward the normal that it does not take long to get back to the right way.

This tendency to the normal is well marked and quite noticeable in all the kingdoms of nature.

The daisy is beaten down by the storm, but how quickly it recovers! A stalk of corn is bent and hindered by a clod, but when the hindrance is removed it soon straightens up. The twig may be bent and finally grow into unnatural form, but its branches point upright and their fruit is good.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

IS FRIEND OF THE FARMER.

Peculiar Qualities of the Swallow Should Endear Him to All Tillers of the Soil.

From the standpoint of the farmer and the orchardist perhaps no birds more useful than the swallows exist. They have been described as the light cavalry of the avian army.

Specially adapted for flight and unexcelled in aerial evolutions, they have few rivals in the art of capturing insects in midair. They eat nothing of value to man except a few predaceous wasps and bugs, and in return for their services in destroying vast numbers of noxious insects ask only for harborage and protection.

It is to the fact that they capture their prey on the wing that their peculiar value to the cotton grower is due. Orioles do royal service in catching weevils on the bolls, and blackbirds, wrens, flycatchers and others contribute to the good work, but when swallows are migrating over the cotton fields they find the weevils flying in the open and wage active war against them. As many as 47 adult weevils have been found in the stomach of a single cliff swallow.

Try our Job Work.

For The 4th of July AT Earlington's - New - Store

You can find exactly what you need in ready-to-wear apparels, such as waists, shirts, handkerchiefs, fans, ribbons, hose, umbrellas and the very newest things in ladies' and children's summer hats. Especially Dutch collars, we have just received a new shipment at per each 10c, 15c and 25c.

FOR MEN AND BOYS---

You need not be thinking about where to go to find your underwear, oxfords, shirts, ties, and hose, but to our store, we have the very newest things in the land. What is it? Just take a look at our show window and read the card. Come in when passing for we love to show you our merchandise.

Yours For Business

BARNES, COWARD & CO

INCORPORATED

Earlington,

Kentu

AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSETS



AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSETS

These can be worn with equal effectiveness, whether beneath a rich, costly dress or under a simple, inexpensive gown—the result is the same—A STYLISH FIGURE.

\$1.00 and upwards.

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Artistic Printing

If you want printing that will combine good points,

ARTISTIC, STRIKING VALUABLE

let us figure on it for you. Our work has the extra touch that pays. It looks right to our customers and benefits the business.

The Bee Printer

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE. It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Subscription Rates
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Specimen copies mailed free on application. Correspondents wanted in all parts of the county. Address us for particulars.

112 SUFFRAGETTES THROWN IN JAIL

THIRTEENTH ATTEMPT TO APPEAR BEFORE THE PRIME MINISTER FAILS.

WOMEN SLAP CHIEF OF POLICE

Several Thousand Police Guard Parliament Square and Felt the Women's Plans—Enormous Crowds Witness Scene.

London, June 30.—The thirteenth vain attempt of the militant suffragettes to obtain access to Premier Asquith by deputation resulted in exciting scenes in Parliament Square and the arrest of more than 100 women. The plan of campaign followed the lines previously employed by the suffragettes. The "Woman's Parliament" assembled in Caxton Hall and sent a deputation, headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, to endeavor to see the prime minister, who had previously decided not to receive the deputation.

Enormous crowds of onlookers assembled in the vicinity of Parliament hours before the time set for the raid upon the house, around which several thousand police had taken up strategic positions. The first noteworthy incident was the arrest, after a great deal of trouble, of a buxom equestrian suffragette, who tried to penetrate the police cordon to take a message to the premier. Next appeared the deputation under command of Mrs. Pankhurst, and it was received by the crowd with wild cheers. Escorted by the police, the deputation arrived at the St. Stephens entrance to parliament, where it was met by Chief Inspector Scantlebury, who handed Mrs. Pankhurst a letter from the premier, regretting his inability to receive the deputation.

Angrily throwing the letter on the ground, Mrs. Pankhurst exclaimed: "I stand on my rights as the king's subject to enter the house of commons," and she endeavored to force an entrance. The police tried to induce the women to disperse quietly, and then began to take the members of the deputation by the arms to lead them away. To the surprise of the spectators, who were massed around the entrance, Mrs. Pankhurst stamped Inspector Jarvis in the face, knocking his cap in the mud. There were cries of "shame," and several of the spectators told the suffragette leader that she had no provocation to do such a thing.

A moment later, another member of the deputation, Mrs. Saul Solomon, knocked off the inspector's cap a second time, while others made determined attempts to rush the cordon of police. Eventually, the entire deputation was placed under arrest.

Altogether, 112 women were arrested, including Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Solomon, the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield, daughter of Lord Abinger, Miss Margesson, daughter of Lady Margesson, Miss Maud Joachim, niece of the violinist, and many other prominent women.

Lottery Owners Arrested.
Indianapolis, Ind., June 30.—The old Honduras lottery, according to evidence presented to the grand jury of this county, now has headquarters at New Albany, Ind. Four men were arrested here, charged with being interested in the lottery company. They are Royal Hammer, who, it is alleged, is one of the oldest lottery men in the country; Henry Walker, Harry Pfalzgraf, and Davis Fair, all keepers of saloons. They were released in \$500 bonds each.

Many Killed in Cyclone.
Grand Forks, N. D., June 30.—Unconfirmed reports from Leeds state that eight persons were killed outright, and smaller reports from Minnewauken say one woman was killed and a number of persons injured and that the entire town was destroyed last night by a tornado. Wires in the northern part of the state are down. Between 20 and 30 farm houses are reported wrecked.

Senators Flooded With Protests.
Washington, June 30.—A flood of telegrams, nearly equaling that which swamped the wires during the anti-throw pass fight is pouring upon senators, in opposition to the proposed amendment.

OAKLEY HELD OVER TO GRAND JURY; ASHBY RECEIVES FINE.

Slaughtersville Case in Which Ashby Was Wounded Heard by Judge Wilson.

Madisonville, June 30.—Judge Wilson heard the cases of the Commonwealth vs. R. S. Oakley and Whit Ashby yesterday and it occupied the attention of the court for several hours.

Ashby and Oakley had a difficult case at Slaughtersville and the former was wounded, being cut several times. Ashby was fined \$22.50 and costs. Oakley was held over to await the action of the grand jury.

Cultivate Agreeableness.

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist, not in one, but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance; and this without appearing to know that they possess it?—Cumberland.

ONE CERTAINTY.

Some Earlington People Fully Realize it Now.

When the back aches from kidney ills, When urinary troubles annoy you, There's a certain way to find relief; A sure way to be cured. Doan's Kidney Pills will do it. Earlington people endorse this claim.

Mrs. R. A. Smith, Wilson St., Earlington, Ky., says: "I am glad to publicly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. My kidneys were badly disordered and the pain in my back was so acute that I could not stoop without suffering severely. The pain often extended into my sides and became more severe if I stood for a short time. I had dizzy spells and many times was forced to grasp something to steady myself. I also suffered from terrible headaches and many days could scarcely get out of bed. I can safely say that I spent more than one hundred dollar for medicines and doctors treatment but obtained scarcely any benefit. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at the St. Bernard Drug Store and began their use. This remedy cured me in less than two weeks. I am glad to recommend it to other kidney sufferers."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Tired Women

Women, worn and tired from over-work, need a tonic. That feeling of weakness or tiredness will not leave you of itself. Take Cardui, that effective remedy for the ailments and weakness of women. Thousands of women have tried Cardui and write enthusiastically of its great benefit to them.

Take CARDUI

A recent letter from Mrs. Charles Bragg, of Sweetser, Ind., says: "Tongue cannot tell how much your medicine has done for me. Before I began taking Cardui I could not do a day's work. I would work awhile and lie down. I shall always give praise to your medicine."

Try Cardui. For sale everywhere.

Model Dwelling

State Should Own Them

By OLGA NETHERSOLE
Actress.

Considering the Glackin bill, authorizing the state of Illinois to establish by special taxation a tuberculosis sanatorium, the question arises as to whether it should end with the establishment of a sanatorium for tuberculosis only, or whether the proceeds of the special tax should not be also used for the establishment of a sanatorium for the cure of other diseases and for the betterment of tenement districts.

The tenement house laws could work in co-operation and be part of this new law. There could be built, with the proceeds of this tax, model tenements, of which the state should be landlord. These tenements should be designed and built for the health and welfare of the working classes.

No better model could be followed than the Krupp dwellings of Germany. These buildings are built in squares, with open stairways, large central court, bathroom, kitchen, parlor and bedrooms—no shutting out from the people of their natural rights—God's light and air.

The model dwellings should be under state control and visited at intervals by official inspectors. No overcrowding should be allowed, cleanliness and hygiene should be insisted upon, and the tenants of these dwellings should have free medical treatment from medical officers of the fund, and should, in fact, be under medical supervision.

I venture to suggest that such tenements could be run by the state on a paying basis, and the benefit of the community would be so far-reaching that it is impossible to limit it by any statement.

The effect on the health of the individual is obvious, and the moral awakening would be a revelation, because, as the tenement question now stands, it is quite a common occurrence for ten families to live in a house originally built for one family, and several people of both sexes, boys and girls, men and women, to sleep in one room.

The tenement house to-day breeds physical and moral disease. As W. J. Hurlbut, in his play, "The Writing on the Wall," asserts, "The tenement house landlords are a trust—a combination in restriction of health, of decency, of virtue." The state must fight the trust by becoming the landlord of model tenement dwellings for the people.

The Bills We Like to Receive

By JOSEPH E. RALPH

Of bills is a fine, firm quality of linen, known as "distinctive" paper, manufactured under government inspection at Dalton, Mass. Its delicate yet tough fibers have had a varied history before receiving the government stamp. The flax grew, perhaps, in the moist, fertile fields of Ireland. It was gathered, bleached, spun and woven largely by woman's skill. It may have formed at one time dainty lingerie; it may have been the garments of babes; it may have been the confirmation suits of children or the graduating gowns of girls.

The paper employed for the printing Loving hands have caressed it, patched it, darned it, and finally consigned it to the rag bag. Its mission, however, was not thereby concluded. By a process of modern alchemy, it is transformed and issued anew, not from looms, but from rolls, to take up another cycle of usefulness. Feeding avarice, serving as a channel for charity, satisfying hunger, paying bills, building homes and perhaps dowering brides whose mothers wore the same fibers when they stood before the altar, the bank note could tell a rare story of comedy and tragedy.

College Work But a Part of Life

By PROF. WOODROW WILSON

Of all the erroneous and harmful ideas that young men and young women have, the worst is the pernicious belief that college is simply the stage which precedes the real beginning of life, and that the real life and the real tasks are still to come. University life is not an introduction to life, but a part of it, and a most important part of it. More and more, as the years go by, in the business as in the professional world, the stress is being laid upon the trained mind, able to grapple with the complicated problems of industrial and urban life. Those whose minds are not trained will be servants, who will not only have to obey some one else, but will have to bear the added indignity of being told how to do the work. And the training of the mind, which will make a man a master and not a servant, is to be had only through hard work, intellectual work, and by a utilization to the full of the great opportunities which a university training spreads out before one. To give that training, to help that mastery of one's mental powers, in which lies the secret of Midas and of Socrates, is the purpose and the aim of a university.

Life's Discords Often Work for Good

By JOHN E. LEBARON

A small discord will sometimes ruin a large symphony. A discord is anything that disturbs the tranquil trend of things.

No matter how crude or how savage a people may be if left to themselves they exist with a certain degree of harmony. This is one of the selfish requirements of self-preservation. It is not necessarily a matter of ethics. At war with other tribes, even at war with nature, the savage, nevertheless, lives in rude harmony with his own people. War is the great discordant note of civilization. Among enlightened nations 2,000 years of Christian civilization should have made war impossible. As long as wars exist the symphony of civilization is incomplete. All great souls have been discords, out of harmony with existing ideas. "The carrier in the sun will convert itself to grass," says Emerson. Bearing out the not altogether philosophical theory that there is good in everything, even discords have their mission.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

Two belated disciples of Bacchus staggered arm in arm up Walnut street about three o'clock the other morning. The street was dark except for a single ground-glass globe that blazed in front of an apartment house. One of the inebriates, spying this lone light, observed:

"Oh, look at zhe moonsh!"

The other seriously contradicted him saying:

"That ain't no moonsh; zash sun."

This started an argument which lasted for several minutes as to whether the globe was the moon or the sun. Finally they decided to leave it to the first passer-by, who happened to be a "happy" gentleman. They stopped him, and pointing to the globe, asked:

"Settle an argument, old pal; is that the moon or the sun?"

The third party stared knowingly at the globe for several minutes before he shook his head and replied:

"Gentlemen, I really couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in this town."

Philadelphia Record.

The Grassy Stare.

In a recent railway accident an old Irishman was severely injured. For some time after the accident he was left unattended to, but at last some sympathetic lookers-on picked him up and carried him to the station waiting-room until the arrival of the doctors to officially pronounce on his condition. By and by a surgeon bustled in, looked at his prostrate form and pallid face, and then exclaimed, "That poor fellow is done for, I'm afraid." Then he knelt down, lifted up an eyelid, and saw a dull, expressionless orb. "Very sad. He's as dead as a door-nail. Take the poor old fellow away," exclaimed the medico. No sooner had he spoken, however, than the supposed corpse began to move his lips. The startled doctor listened, and this is what he heard: "Bedad, doctor, that was me glass eye ye was looking at."



Schoolteacher—Do you know the meaning of that letter on your hat? Boy—Yes, sir. Father says it every morning he can't find his collar stud.

The Retort Courteous.

The merry party in the flat made such a racket that the occupant of a neighboring apartment sent his servant down with a polite message asking if it would be possible to make less noise, since, as the servant announced, "Mr. Smith says he cannot read." "I grieve for Mr. Smith," replied the host. "Please present my compliments to your master, say that I am sorry he cannot read, and tell him I could when I was four years old!"

A Recommendation.

"I am looking for a place," said the stranger, "in which I can bring up my girls to good advantage. What inducements does this town offer in that way?"

"Well," the old settler answered, "it strikes me as being a pretty good town for your purpose. We've got a button factory here, and if your girls can't all find jobs in it we'll call from the city nearly every day for girls that people want there to do housework."

Out of His Line.

"Good morning," said Lardi Longsox, entering the studio of Dauber, the famous portrait painter. "I wish to engage you to paint my portrait."

"I shall be delighted, madam," was the answer.

"I want it painted with my new hat on," said Lardi.

"Pardon me, madam," came the quiet reply, "but I am not a landscape artist!"

Why He Winked.

"Conductor," complained the lank spinster passenger in the tram, "that man on the opposite side is winking at me!"

"He says he doesn't mean to wink at you," explained the official, after a few words had passed between him and the offender. "He's trying to keep the eye that's turned toward you shut, ma'am."

Qualifications.

Editor—Have you ever done any work on a newspaper?

Applicant for Position—Yes, sir; for nearly six months I contributed a column in a paper under the head of "For the Elevation of Mankind."

Editor—Go to the landlord's office on the bottom floor and see if he wants a lift map.

Not a Tariff Matter.

"Who is that fellow shouting so lustily for protection? Is he a manufacturer?"

"Goodness, no! He's a bigamist."

Insulted.

"Oh, you sweet little boy!"

"Gwa! I ain't no sweet little boy. I'm er tough mutt!"

Household Conveniences.

"I have a fireless cooker."

"That's nothing. I've got a smokeless husband."

CITY DIRECTORY.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—James R. Rash.
Police Judge—Ernest Newton.
Chief of Police—Wm. Bradley.
Night Chief—Clarence Mitchell.
Tax Assessor—
City Clerk—Paul P. Price.
Treasurer—Frank B. Arnold.
City Physician—W. K. Nisbet.
City Engineer—F. D. Rash.
Street Commissioner—Robt. Wood.
Councilmen—Jno. B. Atkinson, Madison Oldham, H. C. Bourland, L. H. O'Brien, Geo. C. Atkinson, Thos. Blair. Meeting night first Monday night in each month.
School Trustee—Paul M. Moore.
Board of Health—Ed M. Trahern, Jno. X. Taylor, Curtis B. Johnson, et. al.
Postmaster—Chas. Cowell.

LODGES.

Masonic Lodge—E. W. Turner, No. 548 meets 1st and 3rd. Fridays in each month.
E. J. PHILLIPS, Sec.

Victoria Lodge, No. 84, K. of P. meets every Monday and Thursday nights. Visitors welcome.

ERNEST NEWTON.

K. of R. and S.

Hopkins Lodge, A. O. U. W. No. 561 meets every Thursday night.

Y. Q. WALKER, Sec.

Golden Cross Lodge, Earlinton, No. 525 meets 1st and 3rd, Saturday night in each month.

Mrs. M. B. LONG, Sec.

Degree of Honor, No. 10 meets 2nd and 4th Saturday nights in each month.

MISS LIZZIE HUFF, Sec.

Ben Hur Lodge, Earlinton Court, No. 55 meets every 2nd and 4th Friday night at new Victory Hall.

JOHN WAND, Scribe.

Standwaite, Tribe No. 57, Red Men meets every Friday night.

CLAUDE LONG, Sec.

Woodmen of the World, Catalpa Camp No. 301 meets every Wednesday night. All members are earnestly requested to be there.

J. S. HANCOCK, Clerk.

Modern Woodmen of the World, No. 11992 meets every Wednesday.

Y. Q. WALKER, Sec.

Klub Kentuck open all hours. Business meeting 2nd Tuesday in each month.

C. L. ASHBY, Sec.

Elks, B. P. O. No. 738 meets a Madisonville Monday night.

Jas. E. Franceway, Secy.

Visiting members are cordially invited to attend any of these Lodges.

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass every Sunday and holy day at 7:00 a. m. Second mass and preaching 9:30 a. m. Vespers and benediction 7 p. m. Rev. J. P. McFarland, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every Lord's day at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. CHURCH.—Regular services third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Class meeting, second Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. H. Embury, pastor.

Epworth League—J. S. Hancock, president. Meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 p. m. at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. All are welcome.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—Rev. W. C. Brandon, pastor. Services on every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Epworth League, every Sunday evening at 6:45. Ladies' Aid Society every Monday afternoon. Official Board meeting Monday after first Sunday in each month.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.—Preaching the fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. and the preceding Saturday night. Church meeting Saturday night before the 4th Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Monday night at 7:30. Rev. C. H. Grigson, Pastor.

GENERAL BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services Saturday night before the first Sunday in each month at 7:30 p. m., first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7:30. Rev. Bumpus, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—H. C. LA.—Regular services first Thursday at 7:30 p. m. and third Sunday at 8:30 p. m. in each month. Sunday school each Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Bering Sea Volcanic Islands. The Bogoslofs are a group of three small volcanic islands in the southern part of Bering sea, and 37 miles northwest of the island of Unalaska. One of these islands, Castle Rock, has been known since 1796; Fire Island has been known since 1883, while the third one, Perry Island, rose from the sea about the time of the San Francisco earthquake, in 1906. According to a letter to Science, this island has now sunk.

Power in Silence.

Here is a hint for the women who forget and fret and fuss. Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayer," said a wise oriental. But in the silence you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power.—Edwin Markham, in Red Book.

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Time of arrival of trains passing through and departure of trains originating at Earlington.

Effective Sunday, May 4, 1909.

NORTH BOUND.	
No. 92.....	7.05 a. m.
No. 52.....	11.27 a. m.
No. 94.....	6.57 p. m.
No. 54.....	11.27 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 53.....	4.36 a. m.
No. 95.....	8.38 a. m.
No. 51.....	4.26 p. m.
No. 93.....	10.53 p. m.
INTERURBAN TRAINS.	
NORTH BOUND.	
No. 104.....	8.38 a. m.
No. 105.....	11.00 a. m.
No. 108.....	2.03 p. m.
No. 110.....	5.04 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 103.....	7.50 a. m.
No. 106.....	10.00 a. m.
No. 107.....	12.07 p. m.
No. 109.....	8.20 p. m.
No. 111.....	7.25 p. m.

I. C. R. R. TIME CARD.

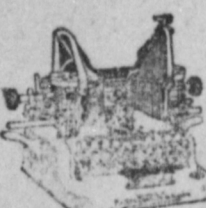
Time of departure of Illinois Central trains from Nortonville, Ky.

NORTH BOUND.	
No. 102.....	1.28 p. m.
No. 104.....	3.40 a. m.
No. 122, local pass.	10.45 a. m.
No. 135, local	6.36 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 101.....	4.03 p. m.
No. 103.....	1.46 a. m.
No. 121, local pass.	1.28 p. m.
No. 135, local pass	5.53 a. m.

New Oliver No. 5

Sets Swiftest Pace Ever

Known in Typewriter Selling.



The wonderful new model, Oliver No. 5, has taken the market by storm.

Its reception by the public has exceeded in enthusiasm anything we had dared to anticipate.

Employers and stenographers alike have welcomed it as the one machine that answers the multiplied need of the hour.

The cry is for Speed! Speed! Speed!—and the Oliver responds.

The demand for Durability is filled by the sturdy, steel-clad Oliver.

To a call for a writing machine that will do many things and do each of them equally well, the Oliver answers with its unexampled versatility.

—Its visible writing saves the strain on eye and brain.

—Its legibility lends beauty to its work. The letters that bear the Oliver imprint are the letters that seem to speak.

Oliver No. 5 fairly bristles with new and exclusive time-and-saving features. We have space to mention only a few of the more important ones.

—Disappearing Indicator shows exact printing point.

—Balance Shifting Mechanism saves operative effort.

—Line Ruling Device is fine for tabulated work.

—Double Release doubles convenience.

—Non-Vibrating Base insures stability. Yet with all of those added improvements, we have still further simplified the Oliver by fusing brains with metal.

Oliver No. 5 is a dream come true—the dream of Thomas Oliver crystallized into this wonderful mechanism of shining steel that embodies every possible requirement of a perfect writing machine.

Ask the nearest Oliver agent for a Free Demonstration of Oliver No. 5. Or send for The Oliver Book—yours for a postal.

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
The Oliver Typewriter Building,
Chicago, Ill.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery** FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

WE BUY YOUR WOOL HIDES AND FURS
Feathers, Tallow, Beeswax, Ginseng, Golden Seal, (Yellow Root), etc. We are Dealers, and can do better for you than agents or commission merchants. Reference, any Bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list and shipping tags. We furnish wool bags free.
M. SABEL & SONS,
ESTABLISHED IN 1888
229 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Financial.
An "able financier" is a man who is able to separate the other fellow from his coin without the aid of a sandbag.

Difficult.
Judge decides that it is difficult at times to account for the bright sayings of some children after hearing their parents talk.

He Approved.

Three-year-old Tim had admired the clouds for a long time, but never thought to inquire into their origin until a few evenings since. His mother explained at length how God made the rain fall on the earth and then took it back into the sky, to all of which Tim listened attentively, and then patronizingly observed: "Pretty good stunt for God, isn't it?"—Harper's Magazine.

A Contented Woman.

is always found in the same house with Ballard Snow Liniment. It keeps every member of the family free from aches and pains, it heals cuts, burns and scalds, and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago and all muscular soreness and stiffness. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug department.

Cure for Toothache.

A London physician at a meeting of a medical society stated that extraction of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled to cure the most desperate case of toothache, he said, unless the case was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to tooth.

A Golden Wedding

means that man and wife have lived to a good old age and consequently have kept healthy. The best way to keep healthy is to see that your liver does its duty 365 days out of 365, the only way to do this is to keep Ballard's Herbine in the house and take it whenever your liver gets inactive. 50 cents per bottle.

Sold by St. Bernard drug store, Incorporated.

A Slangy Bungalow.

It doesn't take long for current slang to find its way into the names of summer cottages and bungalows. A tiny but artistically arranged cottage for a family to summer in is called "A Cottage of Some Class," and a neat place in mission wood above the leaded glass door proclaims it to all who pass or enter.

Starved To Death

is what could truthfully be said of many children who die. They have worms, poor little things—they don't know it and you don't realize it. If your child is cross, fretful, pasty complexion and loses weight for no apparent reason, give it White's Cream Vermifuge, you will be surprised at the results and how quickly it picks up.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

Need of Companionship.

Companionship is the one thing in the world which is absolutely essential to happiness. The human heart needs fellowship more than anything else—fellowship which is elevated and enduring, stronger and purer than itself and centered in that which death cannot change.—Henry Van Dyke.

Life 100,000 Years Ago.

Scientists have found in a cave in Switzerland bones of men, who lived 100,000 years ago when life was in constant danger from wild beasts. Today the danger, as shown by A. W. Brown, of Alexander, Me., is largely from deadly disease. "If it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery, which cured me, I could not have lived," he writes, "suffering as I did from a severe lung trouble and stubborn cough." To cure sore lungs, colds, obstinate coughs, and prevent pneumonia, its the best medicine on earth. 50c and \$1. Guaranteed by all leading druggists. Trial bottle free.

Early Showed Greatness.

Andrew Jackson was a marvel of precocity. He carried a flintlock musket, as a soldier of the revolutionary army, at the age of 14. At 23 he was appointed by Washington district attorney of Tennessee. He was a United States senator at 30. He did not reach the presidency until he was 62.—Sunday Magazine.

Sees Mother Get Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick, of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 30 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure Liver and Kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite.

Only 50c. at all leading druggists.

History Told by Eclipses.

Many eclipses are noticed in the records of all ages. Astronomers can determine accurately when eclipses must have occurred and the eclipse records are proving valuable to historical students as a means of determining the dates of important events.

Tortured on a Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Ruggles, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infallible for piles, burns, scalds, cuts, boils, fever-sores, eczema, salt rheum, corns. 25c. Guaranteed by all leading druggists.

Duties of the Soul.

Emerson: The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth.

English Plea for Cities Beautiful

What England wants just now is a man, or several men, of infinite ability and ample means, who, purely for the sake of their art alone, will prepare imaginary schemes showing how and in what way our cities ought to grow if they are to be healthy dwelling places and beauty spots instead of blots upon our land.—English Building News.

A Night Rider Raid.

The worst night riders are calomel croton oil or aloes pills. They raid your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing colds, headaches, constipation, malaria. 25c. at all leading druggists.

One of Fashion's Follies.

A lady came on an odd-looking bag the other day in one of the fashionable London shops. It was in expensive leather, and seemed too large for an ordinary hand-bag; also it had a curious opening cut at one side towards the top. "Ladies use it for carrying their little dogs," the salesman explained.

A Millionaire's Baby

attended by the highest priced baby specialist could not be cured of stomach or bowel trouble any quicker or sure than your baby if you give it Mc Gee's Baby Elixir. Cures diarrhoea, dysentery and all derangements of the stomach or bowels. Price 25 cents and 50 cents. Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

Intemperance in Cause and Effect.

The drink habit may be the cause of many miseries; but it is, in turn, the effect of other and prior miseries. The temperance advocates may preach their hearts out over the evils of drink, but until the evils that cause people to drink are abolished drink and its evils will remain.—Jack London.

The First Requisite of Beauty.

The first requisite of beauty is a clear complexion. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup clears shallow blotched complexion as it stimulates the liver and bowels, and the eyes become bright and clear. You owe it to your friends to take it if your complexion is bad. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is very pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by St. Bernard drug store, Incorporated.

Dressed as Scholars.

At the wedding lately of the head master of Eastbourne college, England, the three pages in the bridal procession were garbed as scholars in black satin knee breeches, buckled shoes, scarlet silk gowns, with white shirt fronts. Each carried a mortar-board hat and a scarlet-bound prayer book.

Notice to Our Customers.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the national Pure Food and Drug Law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults.

Sold by St. Bernard drug store, Incorporated.

Sorrows of the Rich.

Almost any millionaire would be willing to give up a large percentage of his fortune if he could tell the difference between a masterpiece and a daub.

Failed.

All efforts have failed to find a better remedy for coughs, colds and lung troubles than Foley's Honey and Tar. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious result from a cold. J. N. Patterson, of Nashua, Iowa, writes: "Last winter I had cold on my lungs and tried at least half a dozen advertised cough medicine and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world."

Sold by St. Bernard drug store, Incorporated.

For Retaining Youth.

I am quite sure that one secret of youth is to keep up with determined and steady hand one's own tone, to avoid ruts and narrowing circles.—F. W. Ware.

Doctors Could Not Help Her.

"I had kidney trouble for years," writes Mrs. Raymond Conner, of Shelton, Wash., "and the doctors could not help me. I tried Foley's Kidney Cure, and the very first dose gave me relief and I cannot say too much for Foley's Kidney Cure." It makes the deceased kidneys sound so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood. Unless they do this, good health is impossible.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store, Incorporated.

New Use for Electric Blower.

The electric blower for hot air furnaces has been successfully used for the heating of buildings.

Worked Wonders.

Mrs. C. P. Wiggins, Lexington, Ky., says: "I gave my fowls Bourbon Poultry Cure when they were sick and it certainly worked wonders."

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Co., Incorporated.

A LITTLE KISSING REVIVAL

A little kissing
Now and then,
Is why we have
The married men.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A little kissing's
Too, of course,
Is why we have
The quick divorce.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A little kissing's
Lots of fun
If you can kiss
The proper one.
—Cleveland Leader.

A heap of kissing
Is just as good
For those who like
That sort of food.
—Nashville American.

A little kissing's
Not enough;
A lot of kissing—
That's the stuff!
—Boston Herald.

'STRAORDINARY.



"I was talking to your wife to-day."
"How did that happen?"
"What happen?"
"That you were doing the talking."

Matinee Girls.

A friend of Henry Miller, the actor, enjoys reading this small anecdote conversation: He was standing in the theater and in front of him were six pretty boarding school girls who had been given a party by the brother of one of them. Their host inquired how they liked Mr. Miller. For more or less obvious reasons the names are changed here:

"How did you like him, Miss Oriole?"

"Chawmning!"

"And Miss Hoosier?"

"Oh, GREAT!"

"And you, Miss Beaconstreet?"

"A penetrating, psychological performance. Almost psychic."

"Miss Dixie?"

"Certainly was graaaaaand."

"But we haven't heard from you, Miss Manhattan."

"Delicious."

"Miss Dearborn, what do you say?"

"Him for me."

Do the names fit?

Even in Those Days.

The children stood in awe before one of the British Museum mummies. At last the elder whispered to her father: "Why is the old woman wrapped up in bandages? Did she die of an accident?"

Before he could reply the younger girl said: "Oh, yes! She must have been run over by a motor-car. There's the number—'B. C. 1461.'—Cassell's Magazine.

Masculine Ignorance.

Mrs. Ferguson (trying on another spring hat)—George, what do you think of this one? You didn't like the other.

Mr. Ferguson—Well, if you are limited to two styles, the inverted waste basket and the inverted coal scuttle, my choice would be the coal scuttle. We need another one at home, anyway.

Too Risky.

Hardup—I'll never go to that restaurant again. The last time I was there a man got my overcoat and left his in its place.

Welloff—But the proprietor wasn't to blame, was he?

Hardup—No; but I might meet the other man!

A Precocious Youngster.

"Now, Willie, come to mother and she will tell you about the old woman who lived in a shoe."

"Aw, cut it out, ma! I'm gettin' sick an' tired of nursery tales. Tell me somethin' about Wild Bill Hickcock."

Not Otherwise.

Mrs. Goodkind—How do you think you would like it if one car in every train were reserved exclusively for women?

Mrs. Chilloon-Kearney—I wouldn't mind it if I could pick the women.

Pink Hope.

Powell—Rowell is a lifeless sort of fellow.

Rowell—Yes, I believe his foot would get asleep while his leg was being pulled.

Doubtless.

Professor (at chemistry examination)—Under what combination is gold released most quickly?

Student—Marriage.

An Ounce of Prevention.

Jimmie—How did you know I was going to call?

Her Little Sister—I saw Nell taking the pins out of her belt.—Puck.

Entomological.

"He called me an insect!"

"How rude."

"Then he pulled a gun on me."

"Dreadful! Was it an insect gun?"

Guarding Against Black Sheep.

There is at the Kaiser's Berlin palace an Oberhofmeisterin, a lady who has been described as a court chamberlain in petticoats, who has to make personal acquaintance with every lady before she attends a court.

Tribute to California Cherries.

A prominent manufacturer of glass fruits admits that the cherries of California are at least as good in quality as the French varieties.

This Will Interest You.

Everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. It sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxative. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative today. Sold by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, drug department.

Defect in Chinese Voice.

The Chinese voice lacks two notes—its scale has six notes instead of eight. The fourth and seventh notes are the missing ones.

Chops off Fowl's Heads.

Mr. Dorsey McClure, Carlisle, Ky., says: "Limberneck made its appearance in my flock of two hundred White Leghorns. I gave them Bourbon Poultry Cure, after chopping off the heads of six fowls that were unable to walk and did not lose another fowl." Sold by St. Bernard Drug Co., Incorporated.

An Extravagant Man.

A Chicago man was fined ten dollars for kissing his landlady. It would have been cheaper to pay his board bill.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Reglets act and gently cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

Prove Decrease in Thievery.

Fifty years' records of criminal statistics show that thievery has decreased 40 per cent.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

A Dry Man.

A dry man is like a dry stick, liable to fall when you lean upon it. Sap is as necessary to the one as to the other.—Denver Times.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh Contains Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, action directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by all druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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IN DEFENSE OF THE PILLORY

English Writer Shows Some Good Points About This Old-Time Form of Punishment.

Perhaps one of the few really democratic institutions ever created was the pillory. I do not say that it was a humane institution, though it was certainly more humane than our system of silent imprisonment. But being humane has nothing to do with being democratic. You may have humane and inhumane democracies, just as you may have humane and inhumane despots.

The point is that the pillory was a real appeal to the people. If it was cruel, it was because the people were cruel, or perhaps justly indignant. The people threw dead cats (the less humanitarian, I believe throw live cats), but they could throw bouquets and crowns of laurel if they liked. Sometimes they did. The argument about the old public punishments cuts both ways. The publicity was an additional risk for the government as well as an additional risk for the prisoner, and this is specially true of the executions for treason. It was no small thing that half a million men might possibly treat as a martyr a man whom the king was treating as a murderer; that the prince had to concede to every obscure ruffian exactly what that ruffian probably wanted most—fame.—G. K. Chesterton, in London News.

REALLY NO PUZZLE AT ALL

Exquisite Editor Ascribes to Explain Why Women Descend From Street Cars the Wrong Way.

"It makes us tired," wrote the editor of the Hickory Ridge Missourian, "when we see some city newspaper wondering why it is that a woman always gets off a street car the wrong way. There ain't no mystery about it at all. Our wife explained it to us years ago, and she never rode on a street car but once in her life, when she was visiting relations in Kansas City. A woman gets off a street car backward because she naturally grabs her skirts with her left hand. That's constitutional with a woman. Then she has to grab something with her right hand to hold on to, and that's the railing at the rear end of the car, so when she steps off she has to face the wrong way. You can't break women of that habit unless you make them get off on the left side of the street car, and if you did that it's just as likely as not they'd be contrary enough to grab their skirts with their right hands. But there ain't nothing strange about the way they get off now. Blamed if we don't think sometimes that some of the stupidest men in the world is working on the big city papers."—Chicago Tribune.

Wives and Wives

"Mahomedans are not so much more reckless in their number of wives," remarked the Arabian doctor who makes his home in New York, "than New Yorkers. The principal difference is that, instead of living in New Jersey rather than pay them alimony in New York, we keep them altogether in one house at home. Expensive on account of Easter hats? Not at all. The Arabian women wear veils, which are not expensive. But in the matter of the number of wives, many Mahomedans are very exclusive in that particular. For example, while my uncle has 25 wives, my father has never had but one, my mother. My parents are both now nearly 90 years old, but they are as much in love as they were when they were first married, and I am their only son. My uncle, who has 25 wives, has no children."

Carrier Pigeons for Country Doctors.

Provincial medical men have made and are making considerable use of pigeons in connection with their practice. They will take with them a basket of pigeons in their motor cars. After visiting the patients the necessary prescription is written out and forwarded home by pigeon post; the dispenser at once makes up the prescription and practically before the physician has finished his rounds and long before he has reached home again the boy in buttons starts off to deliver the bottles of medicine in his bicycle car. In many provincial districts it is of course useless to write out prescriptions to be sent to the local chemist, for the nearest is often some miles away.—London Tit-Bits.

Ordered to Muzzle Rooster.

In Mount Vernon, one of the suburbs north of New York a man was arrested the other day because his rooster had disturbed his neighbors by crowing at the break of day. Although there is no ordinance in the village which prohibits the keeping of chickens on a man's premises, the owner of the aforesaid rooster was found guilty of maintaining a nuisance and warned to keep his rooster from crowing early in the morning like other roosters in less sensitive neighborhoods. Now the amateur chicken raiser has the choice between muzzling his rooster or exchanging him for one of a "crowless" brand.

Juvenile Astronomy.

On her third birthday little Elizabeth was allowed, as a special concession, to postpone going to bed until eight o'clock. As she stood at her bedroom window she saw for the first time in her life the full moon in all its silvery glory.

"Oh, Lucy," she cried to her nurse, "come quickly! There's a big hole in the sky and you can see right through to heaven."

DUELING IS ANCIENT CUSTOM

Had Its Origin in the Judicial Combat and Found Favor with All Nations.

Dueling in the proper sense of the word was handed down from the early Germans, Danes and Franks, all of whom carried the practice of the judicial combat to such an extreme that only women, sick persons, cripples and men more than 60 years old were exempt from it. The judicial combat was especially authorized by Gundebald, king of the Burgundians, as early as 501 A. D.

Finally the practice of dueling was carried into France, where it soon became so common that it is estimated that 6,000 persons fell in mortal combat in the ten years of the reign of Henry IV.

Single combats are said to have been introduced in England by the Normans. During the period of chivalry in that country they were in common practice, but in the strict interpretation of the word they could not be called duels. In the literal sense of the word, the duel was introduced in England about the time that the practice became prevalent in France.

Dueling began in this country in the early days of its settlement. In fact, the code of honor was brought to the new world by the first settlers. The first encounter of this kind took place at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, two of the settlers deciding a question of honor with the heavy swords that were carried in those days.

WAS SOMETHING OF A JOLT.

Addressed by Child as "Grandpa," Man Forced to Admit He Is Getting Old.

"I hate to think it," said the man with frost in his hair, "but really I must be growing old."

"Three times within as many weeks young men have got up in street cars to give me their seat, showing thereby, as they fancied, due respect for age. I wish they wouldn't, for I don't feel old, and I have to think I look old and I don't believe I do. I think those three young men were too polite, well meaning and all that, but not good judges of age, misled by the gray in my thatch; and so I don't consider that their mistaking me for an old looking man really proves me so or should in any way disturb me; but I did get a judgment on myself this morning; a natural, instinctive and absolutely unbiased judgment that did give me quite a little jolt."

"A little child that I was looking at, a small child just old enough to be beginning to talk, looked at me and smiled and said: 'Grandpa!' and that was hard to get away from."

"I guess now I'll have to dye my hair."

Wild Flowers in the South.

One morning you drive through the woods and see nothing but the usual green of winter; two days after on the same road you behold after what seems to be a huge white sheet showing through the tree trunks and bushes. It is not a sheet, merely a solid curtain of Cherokee roses, waxy white, fragrant and blooming so thickly that only here and there is any green to be seen.

A big dead tree that has been showing gray and hideous for months turns over night into an enormous purple bouquet; it is the work of a wistaria, sending down showers of lavender sweetness with every puff of wind. Sweet olive, bridal wreath, wild jasmine and 50 others rush into a prodigality of bloom that seems a wicked, delightful extravagance to northern eyes, and the noble army of lilies marches up the side of each path and waves its banners beneath every wall.—Pass Christian correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Birth of Music.

By the old Romans the god Mercury was credited with the invention of music. According to Apollodorus, the belief was as follows: The Nile, after an overflow, left on the shore a dead tortoise. Its flesh was finally dried up by the hot sun, so that nothing remained in the shell but the cartilages, which, being braced and contracted by the heat, became sonorous. Mercury, happening to be walking that way, and striking his foot against the shell, was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea of a lyre presented itself to his imagination. He immediately constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise, and strung it with the sinews of dead animals. And so music began.—New York American.

Clothes.

There are promotions in life, which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field marshal has his uniform; a bishop his silk apron; a counsellor his silk gown; a headle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the headle of his hat and lace, what are they? Men, mere men. Dignity, and even holiness, too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.—Charles Dickens.

Explained.

"How does it happen that a third of the population of your vast country is in the east?" asked the visitor.

"I presume the discomfort of riding brake beams has to be regarded as a factor," explained the native student of sociology.

TRIBUTE TO "MOTHER VOLGA"

Haunting Melody of Sorrow and Unrest Heard in Prison and Palace in Russia.

There is an air so popular in Russia that it is even more familiar than their national anthem to the people of that great mysterious empire, says a writer in the Travel Magazine. I have heard it in all part of the czar's dominions, from the Baltic sea to Berling strait and from Archangel to the Caspian; in the glittering palaces of Petersburg and in foul prison dens of Siberia.

It is a simple melody in the minor key, suggestive, like most Slav music, of sorrow and unrest, and it is called "Matushka," or "Mother Volga," as for some cryptic reason every Russian, be he noble or nihilist, is taught from childhood to regard this great river in the light of a maternal relative. Yet the river is full of sad associations, for convicts formerly traveled a portion of the journey to Siberia along its broad, sluggish stream.

I can never forget the haunting sweetness of "Matushka Volga" as I heard it sung on a prison barge one quiet summer evening by a party of fettered political banished to the great lone land of exile. For "Mother Volga" was their last link with home and the loved ones they might never meet again.

Fortunately the condemned are now sent into Asia by the Trans-Siberian railroad and the unhappy exile is spared at least one bitter parting—that from his well beloved "Mother Volga."

NOT MUCH TROUBLE TO WRITE

Some Proper Names That at Least Have the Distinguishing Merit of Novelty.

In the Zuyder Zee there is a bay called Y, and Amsterdam has a river Y, while, strange to say, in quite another part of the earth, in China, the same brief name is given to a town.

Elsewhere in the flowery kingdom, in the province of Honan, there is a city called U, and in France there is a river and in Sweden a town rejoicing in the name of A.

Proper names of this brief nature are not, however, monopolized by places; instances are on record where individuals have been similarly named. Some years ago there was a shop kept on the Rue de Louvan, Brussels, by Theresa O, and there is a Mme. O in Paris, who is well-known as the proprietor of a popular cafe.

An amusing incident is recounted in connection with the impressment into the military service of the son of one of the members of the O family. The young man could not write, and so signed his name on the military papers with a cross, it not occurring to him or to any of the officials how easily he could have written his name.

Those Frail Boats.

"In an account of a wreck on the Long Island coast that I read the other day," observed the retired yachtsman, "I was pained to notice in one paper that the crew left the schooner in a 'frail boat,' the said craft being properly described in the Press as the ship's long boat. I know that is the conventional phrase to describe a vessel's small boat, but as I read it I wondered if the 'frail boat' writer ever had seen one of those ponderous fabrics of oak called the ship's long boat? Or if he ever had tried to haul a 14-foot yawl off a beach after it had been left high and dry by the tide? Such a job on a hot July day probably would cure him forever describing even such a boat as frail."

Just an Ordinary Kansas Man.

A Kansas woman, while in New York last summer with her husband, visited Lake Chautauqua. She wanted a veil, and held out her hand to her husband for money. He just laid his pocketbook in her hand and walked unconcerned around the store.

"My," ejaculated the clerk, "and he never asked you how much you wanted nor what you were going to do with it. You ought to hear the arguments that they get into right here some times when a woman asks a man for money. My, but you ought to be thankful to have a husband like that."

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, nonchalantly, "he is just a Kansas man. That's the style out there."—Kansas City Journal.

Fad for Clean Money.

There is a fad at present for disdaining dirty money and seeing to it that one's purse contains only bills and coins that are immaculate. Fresh, clean bills can be procured from the bank, where soiled ones will be taken in exchange, but clean silver is another matter, and those who follow fads must either accomplish it themselves or by instructing their maids to do it for them. The silver is washed in a strong solution of soap suds and ammonia, scrubbed with a brush and polished with a chamolite, the result being glistening coins in cleanly enough condition to suit the most fastidious.

A Failure.

"Has your son had any success as a lawyer?"

"Well, no," to tell the truth, he hasn't. He has been practicing now for nearly eleven years and he has never been elected to the legislature or been appointed receiver for anything or even become president of any railroad company. It begins to look as if he may have to take out a living just practicing law."

Man's By-Products.

There is enough hydrogen gas in a man, says the Medical Index-Lancet, to carry him up to the clouds. He contains enough fat to make 75 candles and a large cake of soap, and enough phosphorus to make 8,064 boxes of matches. His remaining constituents will yield, if utilized, six cruets of salt, a bowl of sugar and ten gallons of water.

Spent It Freely.

When a girl is told that she has a fortune in her voice, she goes home and declares dividends for the benefit of the neighbors.—Galveston News.

Calls for Forgiveness.

Dionysius: Everything that is involuntary deserves to be forgiven.

Tribute to Learning.

Beaconsfield: Learning is better than house and land.



Tooth Cleanliness

If friction or rubbing where the only thing needed for thorough tooth cleansing and tooth health, most any dentifrice or a plain brush and water would be good enough. But this would not kill the germs of decay.

FORMALDINE TOOTH PASTE

reaches and destroys the germs of decay without in any way, shape or manner attacking the enamel or the gums. When applied to the teeth by a brush it is dissolved by the saliva in the mouth and in this way is carried between the teeth, into decaying cavities and under the gums. A little put on a moistened tooth brush acts as a perfect cleanser and antiseptic even with most gentle brushing.

It whitens the teeth because it cleanses them of all foreign substances such as stains, tartar, etc.

A guaranteed dentifrice scientifically made by a reputable firm.

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Beardsley's Star Boneless Herring
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Jell-O Ice Cream Powder
Mennen's Talcum Powder
My Wife's Salai Dressing
None Such Mince Meat
Pompeian Massage Cream
Pro-Phylactic Tooth Brushes
Pumma (a glycerine pumice) Soap
Scrub-E-Z (Scouring Soap)
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MRS. GOULD WINS SEPARATION SUIT

COURT EXONERATES HER AND AWARDS HER \$36,000 A YEAR AS ALIMONY.

ASKED FOR QUARTER MILLION

Millionaire Husband Had Been Paying Her Only \$25,000 Annually—"Intoxication" Might Have Been Excitement, Says Court.

New York, June 26.—After a trial which lasted nearly three weeks Katherine Clemmons Gould obtained a legal separation from her husband, Howard Gould, third son of the late Jay Gould. With the exception of alimony, her victory was complete, but in this phase of the case the court decided that \$36,000 a year was sufficient, although in her suit Mrs. Gould asked for \$250,000. She has been receiving \$25,000 a year from Mr. Gould. It was in the vindication of charges of intoxication and her alleged relations with Dustin Farnum, the actor, that Mrs. Gould scored most strongly, for notwithstanding the long array of witnesses for Mr. Gould who gave such testimony as to make Mrs. Gould appear at times as defendant rather than plaintiff, the court held that the alleged "intoxication" might have been due to excitement. As to Dustin Farnum, it was held that her association with him came after Mr. and Mrs. Gould separated, and that the husband apparently made no objection. Attorney Gets \$17,000 and Expenses.

Delandey Nicoll, for Mr. Gould, asked for a sixty day stay of judgment, and Clarence J. Shearn, for the plaintiff, was on his feet to object. He asked for an immediate judgment. Justice Dowling compromised by making the stay 30 days. Mr. Shearn then asked for an extra allowance for counsel fees, and the court gave him \$2,000. This, together with \$10,000 allowed recently, and the original allowance of \$5,000, will bring his fees to \$17,000, with an additional sum of \$3,900 for expenses.

Friends of Mrs. Gould crowded about her as soon as the decision was announced, and she was kept busy receiving congratulations. As the decision was read, she kept her head bent down and seemed plainly disappointed by the allowance. As soon as the case was closed, however, she shook hands warmly with Mr. Shearn and thanked him for his conduct of her case. Then she beamed upon her friends, and even smiled upon the downcast trio of lawyers who had fought for her husband's interests. Howard Gould hurried from the room, and declined to discuss the case. Mrs. Gould drove away in an automobile.

Mrs. Shearn, jubilant at the decision, said: "Judge Dowling's decision is a sweeping and complete vindication of Mrs. Gould. That has been the object of all this bitter litigation. Mrs. Gould could have compromised for a fortune at any time, but would never consider for a moment anything but the opportunity of clearing her name in an open, public trial."

He added that either party in the suit could still bring action for absolute divorce, but that Mrs. Gould could not base such an action on the charges involved in the suit just decided. Mrs. Gould's dowry right in Howard Gould's real property amounts to \$3,000,000, he said, and was unaffected by the separation. His client, he continued, was going to Virginia for a long rest.

Mrs. Gould issued the following statement: "I am the happiest woman living tonight, because I have been so completely vindicated before the entire world of all these horrible charges. Not one little pang shot through my heart at the smallness of the allowance—only supreme joy and the deepest gratitude. I send a thousand loving thanks to all who have helped me."

Girls Hurt in Auto Wreck. Fulton, Mo., June 26.—A collision between automobiles on the Mokane road, three miles south of Fulton, resulted in one of the machines being wrecked and Misses Eva Morrell and Emma Freeman being injured. One of Miss Morrell's ribs was broken. Miss Freeman was badly bruised. The machines were returning from the Epworth League conference at Mokane, and were racing.

Steamer American Ashore. New York, June 26.—The marine observer at Sandy Hook reported that the steamer American had gone ashore in the Gedney channel. The American was outbound at the time she struck. Because of the absence of wind she was not thought to be in any danger.

Harriman Seeks Mountains. Vienna, June 23.—Accompanied by the members of his family, E. H. Harriman left Vienna for the Semmering mountain resort about 50 miles from the Austrian capital. The party will stop at the Hotel Panhaus. Mr. Harriman's condition was reported at noon Tuesday as good.

WITNESS SAYS HE FEARS DEATH IF HE TESTIFIES.

While on the Stand An Unknown Italian Waved Handkerchief as Signal of Warning.

Chicago, June 23.—The trial of Joseph Bertucci, an alleged black hand murderer came to a sudden halt in Judge Winde's court here when an Italian entered the court room and waved a handkerchief at Bruno Nardi the star witness for the state who had just taken the stand to tell of the murder.

The unknown Italian fled from the court room after giving his signal of warning. Detectives ran after him but could not find him. Nardi refused to answer any more questions put to him by the prosecution saying that he would be killed if he testified against Bertucci. The same fear was expressed by Nardi's wife also a material witness and the prosecutor was forced to adjourn the trial.

Bertucci and Nardi were arrested after the killing of Vito Umbrello in an alley January 23. Umbrello is said to have been murdered because of his refusal to heed letters demanding money sent him by the two Italians. The evidence in the case was circumstantial and the state's attorney non-suited the case against Nardi expecting to use him as the chief witness against Bertucci. Nardi appeared greatly frightened at the appearance of the secret agent. When Judge Windes directed him to answer questions he said: "I am afraid I will be killed."

READY FOR AERO FLIGHTS

Wright Brothers Will Make Government Test in Presence of President Taft.

Washington, June 23.—The propellers were in place on the Wright aeroplane at Fort Myer. With the exception of the motor, the machine is practically ready for a flight.

Today the two brothers, assisted by their mechanic and the men of the signal corps, are installing the motor. It will probably be impossible for Orville Wright to make a flight tomorrow or Friday.

In order to insure a clear field for the aeroplanists and to prevent any accident happening to the spectators, Maj. Fred S. Foults has been detailed to maintain a complete patrol of the field over which Orville will fly.

Thousands of persons are expected to attend the flights including President Taft and prominent government officials.

MURDERER IS A SUICIDE

Pioneer Resident of Rapid City, Ill., Kills Wife and Disappears—Kills Himself.

Moline, Ill., June 23.—The body of Thomas Adams, a pioneer resident of Rapid City near here, who killed his wife and disappeared, was found in a clover field near his home. He had ended his life with a bullet.

Mrs. Adams' body was found by a married daughter and as Adams was missing he was suspected. Adams was wealthy and the son of a former prominent river man. It is said he often threatened to kill his wife and himself.

Gypsy King Rearrested.

Kansas City, June 26.—In the federal court here Joseph Adams, "King of the Gypsies," under arrest at St. Joseph, Mo., awaiting extradition to Windsor, Ontario, was freed on a writ of habeas corpus. Adams, who is charged with embezzlement, alleged a conspiracy against him by rival gypsy bands. Following the court's action, however, a representative of the Canadian government informed the court that Adams had been regularly indicted in Canada, and he again was locked up.

Tramp Makes Brutal Attack.

Butler, Pa., June 25.—Because his request for a piece of bread and a cup of coffee was not granted, a tramp attacked Mrs. John Sedoris, aged 30, rendered her unconscious with a blow on the head, bound and gagged her, and then poured carbolic acid on her face, destroying her sight and causing burns that may result in death.

John R. Considine Has Pneumonia.

New York, June 25.—John R. Considine, the sporting man and former proprietor of the Hotel Metropole, is suffering from pneumonia at his home, and it is feared he will die. Four doctors are in attendance, one of whom never leaves Considine's bedside.

Runaway Boy Killed by Mule Kick

Sedalia, Mo., June 23.—Frank Robinson an employe of the Missouri Pacific railroad here, Tuesday received a telegram from Milan, Kan., saying his 12-year-old son, who ran away from home a month ago, had been killed instantly at that place by being kicked by a mule.

Bull Fighter Is Killed.

Mexico City, June 28.—Alfredo Sanchez, a well-known bull fighter, was killed at the local bull ring Sunday afternoon. The bull knocked Sanchez down and hooked one horn through the body, penetrating a lung.



SCORCHING HEAT WAVE ON LAST LAP

HIGHEST TEMPERATURES WERE 104 AT YUMA, ARIZ., AND 102 AT HURON, S. D.

TEN HEAT VICTIMS IN CHICAGO

Nine More Deaths at Philadelphia, Brings Up Total to More Than Two Score During Nine Days Hot Spell.

Washington, June 29.—"The heat wave" is on its last lap and tomorrow will mark its end in the Atlantic states," was the optimistic forecast of Weather Bureau officials last night. The temperature also will be less intense in the New England states, and thunder showers, which are promised for the sections east of the Rocky Mountains, will produce cooler weather generally.

Scorching weather, equally as severe as has been recorded during the nine days of the warm wave, prevailed over the country. The average maximum temperature throughout the country was ninety degrees.

Some of the highest temperatures were 104 at Yuma, Ariz., 102 at Huron, S. D., and 100 in San Antonio, Texas.

Heat Kills Ten at Chicago.

Chicago, June 29.—Ten deaths superinduced by the excessive heat, have been reported to the police. Numerous cases of heat prostration have been cared for at the hospital, and it is probable there have been many more which have not been reported.

The last fatality reported was the death of Police Sergeant Bernard Bockhold, who died at his home. Carl Sommers jumped into Lake Michigan while temporarily insane. He was rescued, but died in a hospital. A cooling breeze swept over the city at night and brought temporary relief, although Professor Cox, of the weather bureau, holds out little hope of a permanent relief. The thermometer hovered around the 80 mark all day. An emergency order has been issued to the police to allow men and boys to sleep in the city parks.

Nine Deaths at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, June 29.—Nine more deaths were added to the list of heat victims in this city. This makes the total for the present hot spell more than two score. The humidity today was 91, while the maximum temperature was 90.

One Dead at Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., June 29.—One man died, another attempted to commit suicide and four persons were prostrated, due to the heat here.

Two Succumb at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 29.—Two deaths and many prostrations resulted from the intense heat in Indiana today. The maximum temperature in this city was 88 degrees, but from southern Indiana come reports of the mercury reaching 97 degrees.

Many Deaths in New York.

New York, June 29.—Before relief came, two deaths were added to the long list of temperature victims. There were a score of prostrations. The maximum temperature was 86, but the humidity was great. Summing up the results of the heat wave which has held New York in its grip for a week or more, Health Commissioner Darlington in his weekly mortality report noted an increase of nearly 200 deaths over the figures for the corresponding period last year.

CZAR AND THIEF SETTLE

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL ABSCONDED WITH \$1,000,000.

Defaulters Effects Will Be Sold and Proceeds Divided—Long Legal Fight Ends.

Winnipeg, Man., June 25.—The famous case in which the czar of Russia brought action against Ivan Proskowreackoff in the Winnipeg courts for the recovery of a large amount of money, was settled after a year and a half of litigation. Ivan was a defaulting official in charge of the administration of a province in Transcaucasia. He absconded with over \$1,000,000 two years ago, made his way through China and Japan where he purchased large quantities of oriental goods and finally reached America opening stores in San Francisco, Vancouver and Winnipeg. He lived here, Anna Zeman, a talented and handsome Russian woman alleged to be a nihilist, joined him as his wife, and they kept house in a fashionable suburb, in luxurious fashion. The Russian police, eventually traced the official to Winnipeg and became aware of his circumstances also that his fashionable home in Winnipeg was being converted into a rendezvous for Russian nihilists and outlaws who were creating alarm by their actions. However, when the time came to make his arrest he was missing having evidently got warning. His goods and chattels were attached and after a long legal fight a compromise has finally been reached under which the property and merchandise is to be sold and the proceeds divided between the czar and representatives of the Proskowreackoffs.

MRS. ROOSEVELT SAILED

With Three of Her Children She Starts for a Summer on the Continent.

New York, June 26.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt sailed today on the White Star liner Celtic for Gibraltar and Naples. With her were three of her children, Ethel, Archie and Quentin. They will spend the entire summer on the continent, first visiting Miss Carrow, Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, at her villa near Rome, and later going to France.

Mrs. Roosevelt and her children will sail for America about November 1, having abandoned the previously arranged plan of remaining in Europe through next winter and journeying up the Nile in the spring to meet Col. Roosevelt.

FORTY PERSONS INJURED

Two Trolley Cars Clash Near Wilmington, Del.—Trolley Pole Had Slipped From Feed Wire.

Wilmington, Del., June 25.—Forty persons were injured, several seriously in a collision between two southbound trolley cars on the Wilmington & Chester line last night. All are from Chester, Pa. The accident occurred at Hill Crest, a suburb of Wilmington, and was due to the lights of the first trolley car being extinguished by the trolley pole slipping off the feed wire. Lillie Atkins, aged 19, may lose both legs.

Exall Rover, motorman on second car, was internally injured.

Sigma Chi in National Convention.

Chicago, June 29.—The biennial convention of the Sigma Chi fraternity and the twenty-ninth meeting of the grand chapter opened here today, and will last until Friday evening. Several of the venerable founders of the fraternity are present.

Two Killed in Wreck.

Binghamton, N. Y., June 28.—Henry Dolan, fireman, and Oliver Turner, of this city, was killed, and Engineer Philip Young was badly scalded when an express train on the Erie railroad ran into a freight car. None of the passengers was hurt.

TO STRENGTHEN WORKING BALANCE OF TREASURY.

Call Practically Wipes Out All Deposits of Government Funds in National Banks Subject to Check.

Washington, June 30.—A call on national depository banks for a return to the treasury of government funds aggregating approximately \$25,000,000 was made by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeigh. Of this amount \$9,000,000 have been called for July 15 and \$16,000,000 for August 15.

Balances in all active depositories are uniformly reduced to the lowest amount which the daily needs of the government will permit.

This call will practically wipe out all of the deposits of government funds in national banks subject to check by the treasury of the United States except about \$37,000,000, which is held in active account and necessary to meet checks of government disbursing officers and \$1,000,000 which will be allowed to remain in \$1,000 lots in such of the one thousand smaller national banks as desire to retain their designation as national bank depositories.

The working balance is more than \$43,000,000, which will be increased by the call to approximately \$68,000,000. The low state of the government working balance made its strengthening a necessity, and thus augmented, the treasury department will have ample funds for at least some months.

It is expected, however, that before the coming December an additional issue of Panama bonds or the further issue of treasury receipts of indebtedness will be found necessary.

Prisoner Walks Out of Court.

Rosano, Va., June 30.—T. J. Bryant, of Franklin county, on trial in the United States district court here, charged with removing and concealing whisky not bearing government stamps, walked out of the court room when the jury filed in with a verdict of guilty. Marshals have not yet been able to locate Bryant.

BRIEF TELEGRAPH NOTES

President Taft signed the bill providing funds for taking the census of 1910.

Three Chinamen were arrested in connection with the murder of Ny Gain, a Chinaman, in Juarez, Mex.

The report that the control of the Tacoma Eastern railroad has been acquired by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is confirmed.

Steady breezes last night from the northeast brought relief from the long hot spell in New York City. At 11 o'clock at night the mercury stood at 75 degrees.

Former President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, has been elected president of the institution. The honor was bestowed on Dr. Eliot by the Harvard corporation.

Six deaths, directly attributable to the prolonged hot spell, occurred at Baltimore. There also were several prostrations. The official temperature at noon was 88 degrees.

A series of tornadoes swept over the small district in the vicinity of Niles, N. D. The twisters followed at intervals of a few minutes and the last was the most violent.

The Cuban senate passed the national lottery bill with slight modifications. The measure now goes to the conference committee, which probably will promptly pass it.

Jack Johnson, the world's heavyweight champion, arrived in Pittsburgh from Atlantic City. Johnson is scheduled to meet Tony Ross of New Castle, Pa., tonight in a six-round bout.

Five men of the torpedo boat Hull were badly scalded by the bursting of a boiler tube near San Francisco. It is feared B. F. King, fireman, was fatally injured. The boat was slightly damaged.

In spite of a great decrease of the humidity and a cooling breeze which blew most of the day, there were nine deaths due to the heat in Philadelphia. The maximum temperature was 90 degrees.

Ossip Gabrilovitch, the well-known Russian pianist, was operated on for expensive mastoiditis at New York. Dr. James F. McKernon, who performed the operation, said that it had been entirely successful.

Felix Sharkey, a former convict, was arrested in Chicago, as a suspect in the latest bomb throwing case. Sharkey is said by the police to have purchased 25 pounds of dynamite from a local firm June 17.

Arthur Elmost Bostwick, Yale grad, chief of the circulation bureau of the New York Public Library, was appointed librarian of the St. Louis public library. It is understood that he has accepted. Mr. Bostwick is 49 years old.

The Rev. G. R. Robbins, pastor of the wealthy Lincoln Baptist institutional church of Cincinnati, received an infernal machine, accompanied by a note decorated with skull and cross bones and saying he would suffer if he did not stop his talk against the "black hand."

George Caldwell, the Canadian explorer, who has been absent for three years in the sub-Arctic region and was given up as lost, has been reported by natives to the Northwest mounted police at Churchill, and is now supposed to be at Fullerton, Hudson Bay.

or beckoned to the wall

"Young man," he said, "pardon me, but may I ask if you can tell me the difference between whisky and milk?" "I'm not answering conundrums today, sir," coldly answered the waiter girl.

"Pardon me again," rejoined the professor. "This is not a conundrum. It is the plain, exact statement, put in interrogative form. 'If you please, of a scientific verity.'"

"What are you drivin' at?"

"At an inevitable conclusion. May I ask you again if you are aware of the important particular, the dominant characteristic to phrase it a trifle more clearly and unambiguously, in which the alcoholic beverage commonly denominated whisky differentiates itself from the lactical fluid universally designated in the vernacular as milk?"

"Say it again, and say it slow."

"It is apparent, young woman, that you don't know," said the professor, abandoning the scholastic and descending to the rudimentary. "I will tell you. The difference is that whisky improves with age, and milk does not. This milk is sour. Do you grasp that idea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you kindly take it back and bring me some fresh milk?"

"Sure!" snapped the girl, whisking it away. "If that was what you wanted why didn't you say so, instead of firing all that Greek at me?"

"She's not a bad sort," soliloquized the professor, "but she has no sense of humor."

What He'd Overlooked.

The Thin One—Sir, I want to know what you mean by saying I could take my collar off over my head without unbuttoning it?

The Fat One—It was a thoughtless statement on my part made on the spur of the moment, and I am sorry I said it.

"Very well, if you're sorry, of course."

"Yes; I forgot the size of your ears."

WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.



When Bloggs was asked to be referee at a local football match he saved his insurance company something by thoughtfully donating his pageantry costume.

April Fool.

Little Johnny placed his hat over a convenient brick; Placed it there supposing that Some one foolishly would kick.

Johnny's father passed anon When his mind was wandering, Thus he chanced to step upon Johnny's hat and wreck the thing.

Little Johnny had to stand At his desk next day in school; Though he cunningly had planned, Johnny was the April fool.

A Great Attraction.

Clarence Urmy, the poet of San Jose, was praising California wine. "A New Yorker visited me the other day," said Mr. Urmy, "and I opened a bottle of our native champagne. The man was delighted."

"Why, if they had this stuff in the east," he said, holding his glass to the light, "they'd run excursions to it."

How Could She?

He (rhapsodically)—I adore everything that is grand, exquisite, super-eminent. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life. She (blushing coyly)—Oh, George! how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?

Tit for Tat.

Jones—Well, you and I won't be neighbors much longer. I'm going to live in a better locality.

Smith—So am I.

Jones—What! Are you going to move too?

Smith—No; I'm going to stay here.

Had His Own Views.

Passenger Agent—Here are some postcard views along our line of railroad. Would you like them?

Patron—No, thank you. I rode over the line one day last week and have views of my own on it.

Hospitable.

She—And did you enjoy your African trip, major? How do you like the savages?

He—Oh, they were extremely kind-hearted! They wanted to keep me there for dinner.

Making Progress.

Ferdy is trying to become a Bohemian. "Is he making any progress?" "Yes, indeed. Only last week he wore a collar two days."

On Shipboard.

Feeble Person—What are the sad waves saying? Sick Passenger—That's easy! "Heave up, heave up!"

The Ugly Rhinoceros and Smaller Game

By Capt. Fritz Duquesne



I, the Genius of Hell, used up all his mental energy making a devil for the animal kingdom. He could not have created a more uncertain, malicious and ugly brute than the rhinoceros. This animal has buried more hunters than all other big game combined. It seems to be the hired assassin of the jungle. Its success as a homicide is not due to the fact that it seeks its victim, but because its victim falls over it. If the rhino knows that there is an enemy about, it will try to get away without being seen. If, on the other hand, it thinks that by keeping still it will be passed unnoticed, it stays as silent and motionless as Gibraltar, its little hog eyes watching the direction of the noise and its nose sniffing the air. Should an enemy show up suddenly in the jungle the rhino charges like a flash, nose down and horns leveled like swords for the thrust, its huge bulk crushing through the brush like an express train. It is always a fight to the death, for a rhinoceros once in a fight wins or dies, and it mostly wins, if it is not confronted with an express rifle in the hands of a cool, good shot. It was the express in the hands of a cool shot that saved me in the encounter related here.

We had been out nearly a year and were returning to civilization, such as it is on the East African coast, with a good stock of ivory. My partner, Jappie de Villiers, a well-known Boer hunter, had fever and was expected to die at any moment. He had been carried 300 miles from the interior in a hammock. If de Villiers had not been ill I would not be alive to-day.

We were pitching camp at the Kagera river on one of these inexplicable barren patches that are scattered like freckles over the face of the tropical forests. The sun was setting and the sky blazed like the mouth of a foundry furnace. The smoke of the newly made camp fires rose slowly in the damp air and hung lazily about the tree tops; clouds of flies and mosquitoes followed every living thing and the lizards looked inquisitively down from their perches in the great vines that reached out like the tentacles of a mighty octopus holding everything in its grasp. The river with its waxy water flowers and gliding crocodiles was on one side of us, the tropical jungle, mysterious and fascinating in all its vivid and extravagant luxury, was on the other.

I hung our rifles on the limbs of the trees which supported my sick comrade's hammock. The porters were collecting drywood for the night fires as I watched a monster crocodile in the water making a futile effort to swallow a friend nearly as big as itself. A party of natives from a nearby village was skinning a beast we had shot for food. In another group my "boys" were opening the bundles of camping necessities. A loud grunt, followed by a Somali's cry, came from the jungle side of the camp, and the next instant the screeching Somali, followed by a huge rhinoceros, burst through the undergrowth. The Somali ran for a tree. He tripped over an ammunition box, the rhino passed him in its blind fury and charged down on the clump of porters, scattering them like chaff before the wind. One was crushed down. Another who had stumbled rose to run, the maddened beast charged and thrust its horn through his back, battered him against a tree, and then hurled him in the air.

Close Call for a Brave Hunter.

I was reaching for my rifle when the rhino caught sight of me. It was too late. I turned and ran toward the river. A dive would save me. I thought of the crocodiles. I felt the puff of the rhino's foul breath. My heart sank. I had one chance to jump aside and let the rhino pass. I jumped, and the roaring animal wiped its gore-stained cheek on me as I did. I doubled on my tracks, the demonic brute frothing in fury after me. As I passed under the hammock where my comrade lay between life and death, there was a vivid flash, a deafening roar filled the world, and I fell. The rhinoceros rolled over, squirting a stream of hot blood on me from a wound in its neck. I looked up, dazed and breathless. I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I felt the huge, throbbing carcass beside me. The yellow fever-stained, hollow-eyed face of De Villiers looked over the hammock and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"I think not," I answered. "What happened?"

I got no answer. De Villiers sank back with a groan. I sprang to the side of the hammock. I thought he was dead. His breast was covered with blood. I opened his shirt and saw his right collar bone broken and

protruding through the flesh. I forced some brandy down his throat and he revived. "What happened?" I asked again.

"You had one chance for life, and that was the death of the rhino. I had one chance in a thousand of saving you and killing the rhino. I took it and gave the rhino both barrels of the express. Your face is singed a little from the flash. The recoil of the blunderbuss has hurt my shoulder."

He put his left hand over and felt the shattered collar bone. "I suppose it's all up with me," he said. "This, on top of the fever, is too much." He smiled and fell back unconscious.

The natives who had fled returned, and we examined the five porters who got the rhino's charge. Two were dead, three badly injured.

Through the night I sat beside my unconscious comrade in the flicker of the camp fires, listening to the dull, monotonous droning of the insects in the trees, and seeing faces in the embers, one face especially, a kind, thin face crowned with white hair weeping as I told her of Jappie, her hunter son's death. The chill before dawn struck the earth. I turned to put some wood on the fire. Glaring in the grass a few yards away I saw two green phosphorescent eyes. I seized my Luger pistol and rose. Like a flash a lion sprang away before I could shoot. A little later the forest burst into thunderous roars. It seemed to be full of lions, which were attracted by the smell of the rhino's blood.

De Villiers did not die. He came through it all. He now organizes hunting expeditions into East Africa and in all probability he will be one of the Roosevelt party.

Treed by a Rhino Birthday Party.

The next day we continued our march. We had not gone far when a native brought in news of a fresh

persuaded some of the natives to go with a rope and attach it so that we could draw the hippo over. No amount of persuasion would induce them to even put their feet in the river. At last, exasperated, I seized the end of the rope and jumped into the river, boots and all, and struck out for the hippo. I had gone about a hundred strokes when a cry from the bank caused me to look around. A cold shiver of horror ran through me, for 20 yards behind, gliding silently toward me through the blue water, I could distinguish the brown form of a crocodile.

"Shoot!" I cried. "Shoot!" as I put every bit of energy into my stroke. The crocodile must have been near me, for the bullets that were being fired from the bank commenced to zip, zip, around my head. I was afraid to look back, expecting every moment to be seized and dragged to the bottom.

At last I reached the dead hippo and managed to drag myself out of the water up on the slippery carcass. The exertion made my head swim. In a few minutes I was myself again. I apologized in silence to the black gentlemen on the river bank for doubting their courage. I had none left. I took my knife and cut a foothold on the carcass, and then rocked it so that it would drift to the shore. The natives told me that a well-directed bullet had hit the crocodile in the head.

The Enormous Cost of Hunting.

The cost of hunting big game in Africa is enormous. One must spend a fortune before firing the first shot. The various European colonies "protect" their game by charging 50 pounds sterling (\$250) a year for a license which allows the hunter to kill two each of the pachydermata and from two to ten of the various species of antelopes. This does not protect the game, but it fills the local treas-

uries. Added to this is the price for porters, shikarees, headmen, etc., who have to accompany the hunter. The average expedition is made up of from 30 to 35 natives for each white man. The cost of equipping and maintaining an expedition is from \$400 to \$600 a month for each white hunter according to the district hunted in. One well-known concern with headquarters at Nairobi, that makes a business of hunting and expedition managing, equips and maintains an expedition on the field for \$600 a month, supplying everything excepting arms and liquor.

Now about tigers, which have been treated so freely as African game in recent American articles. It all depends on one's nationality whether or not there are tigers in Africa. The leopard is called a tiger (tiger) by the Boers, and so is the cheetah, just as a panther is called a tiger in some parts of the United States. The striped animal which is zoologically known as a tiger (tigris regalis) and which is the animal referred to in a number of recent stores, does not make its habitat in Africa, as the writers seem to think. So when a traveler speaks of lions, leopards and tigers seizing passengers from trains he is generally writing at long range with a misinformed imagination instead of facts. He makes a double mistake if he speaks of "tigers and leopards" in referring to African fauna, as in Africa they mean the same animal. I have never heard an Englishman or a Boer when speaking English call a leopard a tiger.

The most dangerous hunting occurs when one attempts to capture his animal alive. Many animals, harmless and timid under ordinary circumstances, become demons when captured. The mildest-looking antelope will put up a fierce fight when once over its first fright; the ostrich will kick a man to pieces, raining its blows with lightning-like rapidity. I do not know one African animal that can be called cowardly.

One has only to look at the formidable horns of all the African antelope to see that they are built to fight with, strong as iron and as sharp as a lance. I have seen an antelope attack a leopard, and even a lion, when its young is threatened. The gemsbok, or oryx, with its two sword-like horns, has dispatched many a lion. It is not uncommon to find a gemsbok and a lion dead beside each other, the mule

evidence of a terrific encounter. The most dangerous animal of all to capture is the gorilla, as much on account of the country it inhabits as on account of its enormous strength, as the following incident will illustrate:

A Blood Curdling Gorilla Hunt.

I was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrumania. A German professor accompanied me on my expedition, which set forth in a direct line west from Dar es Salaam. We succeeded in getting some of each species, with the exception of the gorilla. For weeks we wandered about the country. It was in the rainy season, and the veld, which under ordinary circumstances afforded excellent traveling, became a swamp. With our long line of native porters we literally waded our way over the country for weeks, the black, oozy slush soaking into our bones and the clay under foot gripping like glue.

Such was the predicament we were in; the spirit of revolt and desertion had seized the caravan. I called the men together and told them we were going into the Congo forests where there was no doubt about capturing a gorilla. A smile of satisfaction swept over the natives' faces, and at sunrise we started for a three months' tramp to the west of the Tanganyika.

Arriving at a Belgian army post, a pigmy prisoner told us where we could find a gorilla, and an hour's travel from the post brought us to the place where the animal made its home. It was an ideal retreat, rank with rotting vegetation, the accumulations of centuries, reaching up to our knees. Snakes glided, hissing, out of the way, and lizards, green, blue and every color of the spectrum, bolted in fear to the tree tops and blinked at us with their little, glistening eyes from safe perches among the limbs. Monkeys looked in wonder and then scampered in thousands through the forest, screeching like wild fends and swinging from tree to tree for such distances that they seemed to fly.

How a Jungle Looks.

Beautifully designed ferns grew under foot and crept curiously up the great tree trunks. Flowers of fantastic beauty, weird shape, and almost maniacal expression grew up and hung down from the smooth,

black, gnarled vines, exhaling from their hearts a hundred intoxicating odors which mixed with the sickening effluvia of decay.

Insects resembling flowers and leaves crawled over everything, twigs apparently walking up the trees and leaves apparently splitting and flying in all directions. Beetles with big, hypnotic eyes and bronze backs buzzed noisily around our heads, and beautiful birds vying with one another in brilliance of plumage sailed through the air, filling the dismal forest with their passion-laden songs. The constantly dripping sap splattered from leaf to leaf, soaking into the noxious earth. It was a scene, dread and fascinating, clamoring of life inviting one to death.

For four days we camped in this hothed of disease. Beaters went out in all directions searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig. After some hours we found the tree where the gorilla lived. We could tell it by the greasy appearance of the bark, made so by the repeated rubbing of the gorilla's body. We could tell by the fresh marks, with sap still wet, that the animal had recently ascended the tree. The scratches were short and deep, showing that it had lifted itself up and not slid down, which would have made a long, shallow scratch.

We spread a strong net around the tree in a circle sloping upward on the outer side. Around the top of the net there were drawn ropes from four directions held by half a dozen natives hidden in the bush. These were to bring the top of the net together and thus bag our game.

After waiting some hours the leaves above rustled and then opened, as a six-foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. I signaled, the four ropes were pulled at once, and we had our animal—for a moment. He roared in fury, twisting, jumping, and biting the ropes into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as he tried to reach first one and then another. The professor jumped about in excitement, trying to focus a camera on the infuriated animal.

At last the mighty arms of the gorilla broke a hole through the net and he tore the rest from him as though it were a rotten rag. Most of the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape; in a moment the gorilla grasped him in its terrible hands.

I seized my rifle and fired in the air to frighten the animal. In my position I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth. I thrust another cartridge in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat and he dropped his victim. Like a flash, before I could shoot, a native sprang from the leaves and, half-thrusting, half-thrusting, drove an assegai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead.

Examining the professor, I found that his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into his lungs. We gave up the effort to get a live gorilla and, placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the East coast. He died on the road. Out on the veld beside a native village a lonely little slab marked "Carl Bloch" sticks up above the grass. It is the professor's grave. Hunting is not all exciting adventure and laughing victory. It has its tears, like other things.

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BORROWED FOR THE OCCASION

Wedding Rings on the Isles of Aran Are Scarce and Consequently Are Used in Common.

The Isles of Aran are among the least known and most interesting corners of Ireland. The people, mostly fisher folk, are poor and ignorant, yet they speak the ancient tongue of their land with such purity and perfection that scholars from the great universities go to learn of them. An illiterate lad of 14 was recently the quite competent instructor in Gaelic of a distinguished German professor.

A recent sojourner in one of the Isles discovered that there were upon it but three wedding rings; but no prospective bridegroom was ever discouraged because he could not buy a ring. He need simply go to the nearest of the three happy matrons who were ring wearers and borrow hers.

Negotiations for a marriage are made with a girl's father and a dowry is expected. Businesslike as this sounds, Aran lovers can be impetuous. Late one evening it occurred to a certain young man that he would like to marry a certain colleen, and to do so the next day.

The matter was arranged and early the next morning the priest was sent for, but there had been a storm and the sea was rough. He was delayed but the festivities were not. Into the midst of the convivial crowd came a messenger announcing that his reverence's boat was in sight; they decided to wait till he landed. Word came that he had landed; they waited for him to climb the path. He did so, but still they lingered, and only an imperative message that he was actually waiting in the chapel broke up the antenuptial jubilation. Then the groom raced ahead, the bride followed gallantly but a few yards behind, the relatives ran after in a go-as-you-please procession, and all were soundly ruffed for their tardiness before the ruffled priest would proceed to solemnize the marriage with the borrowed ring.—Youth's Companion.

Chicago's Greatest Amusement Enterprise Completed at a Cost of \$5,000,000.

None of Chicago's other marvelous achievements equal the great amusement enterprise it has just launched, RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION.

This exposition surpasses everything of its character since the original World's Fair. Five million dollars was expended to make it a crowning gem in Chicago's coronet of beautiful parks. Last season 7,000,000 persons visited the exposition. This year it will accommodate 10,000,000. A trip to Chicago would be incomplete without a visit there.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION surpasses Caesar's ancient Circus Maximus where 5,000 dancers entertained Rome. Five thousand dancers could be lost in any one of its courts, esplanades, causeways or wooded groves. That many show girls, trick riders, Indians and cowboys are used in its "Frontier Day Fetes" alone.

Twice as many are accommodated in the amphitheater, where Mexican bull fights occur. Wild bulls and daring Toredors daily enact thrilling contests for life and death. A Spanish band of 80 plectrical characters of the Garden of Eden, is destined to attract world-wide attention. It is the product of the genius of E. W. McConnell, builder of several world's fairs, and his staff of a hundred artists.

The scene is the Valley of the Euphrates, where tradition locates Eden. Awe-struck spectators view as near to its reproduction as man may conceive. The great religious drama closely follows the Scripture.

"There is first a void, then darkness, dawn and light; separation of the sky, the earth and the waters; the beginning of life in the air and the water, birds and fishes, creeping and crawling things, celestial anthems of unseen spirit bands; the creation of man and Eve, his temptation, transgression and expulsion by Angel Gabriel, who drives them forth with a flaming sword."

A great \$25,000 pipe organ intones appropriate music. Its deep tubes produce thunder, and its flute-like notes the mimicry of forest small life. Flashes of lightning and angry storms are made by electrical and water effects. Space forbids an adequate description of this magnificent spectacle.

Another great novelty is "The Races," an English panorama. Fifty horses attached to chaises raise over the highway to Coventry.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION'S "Court of Honor" has never been equaled since the Ancient Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Its center is a lagoon of crystal water, through which flash myriads of silver and gold fish. The limpid edges are fringed with emerald lawn set in rows of stately Lombardy poplars. Cascade fountains play prismatic spray high overhead and cooling mists float downward into the lagoon. Fantastic fountains and white pavilions gleam through the trees on a marble setting for the beautiful landscape.

"Over Niagara Falls" reproduces on a mammoth scale the famous waterfalls.

The inspiring strains of great bands, never tones of orchestra, sounds of merriment from joyous throngs, music of the sea, and the soft, low tones of the whir of aerial cars and flying machines, whistles of miniature railroads, ventilation of the animals of "Circle of Life" and the music of the human voice, all combine to create a symphony of the senses.

RIVERVIEW EXPOSITION is a masterpiece of the art of which the world has never seen.

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE

FRESH AIR FOR THE SICK.

Nothing is more common than fresh air. It is all pervading and provided by nature. It is free to all who will take it. We all need it and all have to have it. The sick need it more than the well, and yet there are those who think the windows in the sickroom must be kept closed. As a matter of fact, the one best thing we can do for the sick is to see to it that they have an abundance of fresh air all the time.

NOTICE POULTRY RAISERS

Now is the time of year to feed your fowls a good tonic. R4-11-44 cures Cholera, Roup, Gapes, Canker and Limberneck. When fed as a preventive it not only keeps them healthy but makes them lay.

Price 50 cents, no cure, no pay. Guaranteed by your druggists, St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated, Earlinton, and Gardner & Bowmer, Incorporated, Madison, Ill. Try it under the guarantee. Ask for booklet on diseases of poultry.

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Under the law of self-preservation we owe it to ourselves to take an active part in the fight that is being waged by intelligence against ignorance, by sense and sanitation against dirt and disease, and in every way aid and assist those who by law are charged with the responsible work of preventing the spread of disease in our own community or its introduction from outside sources.